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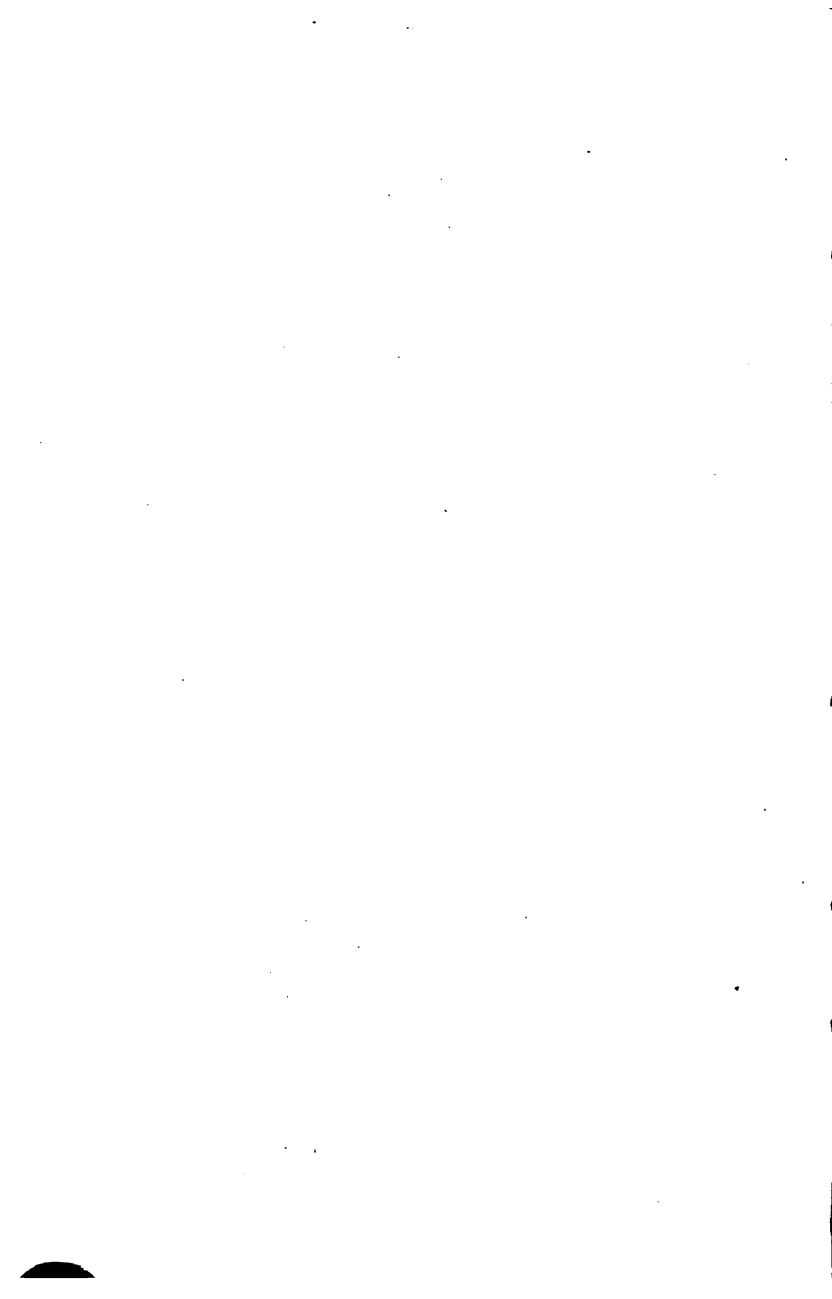
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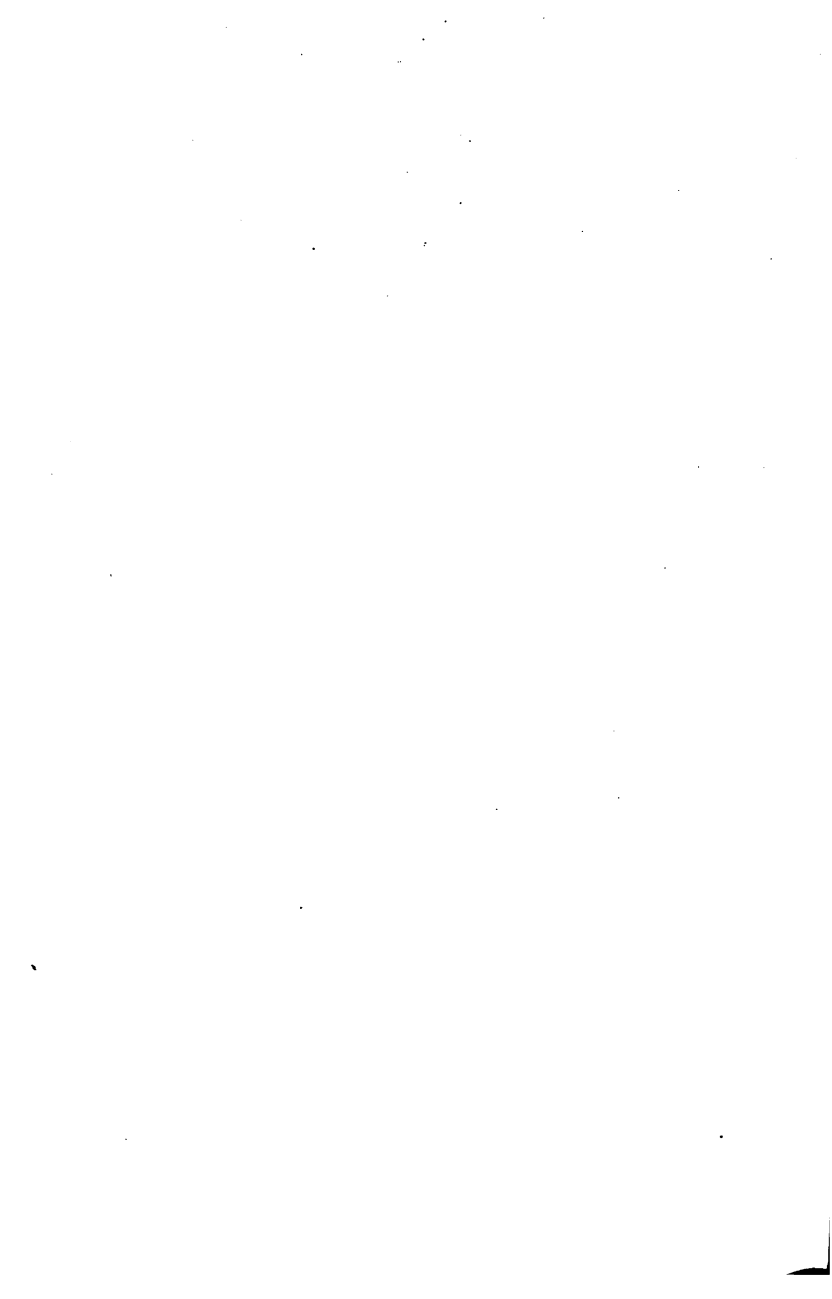
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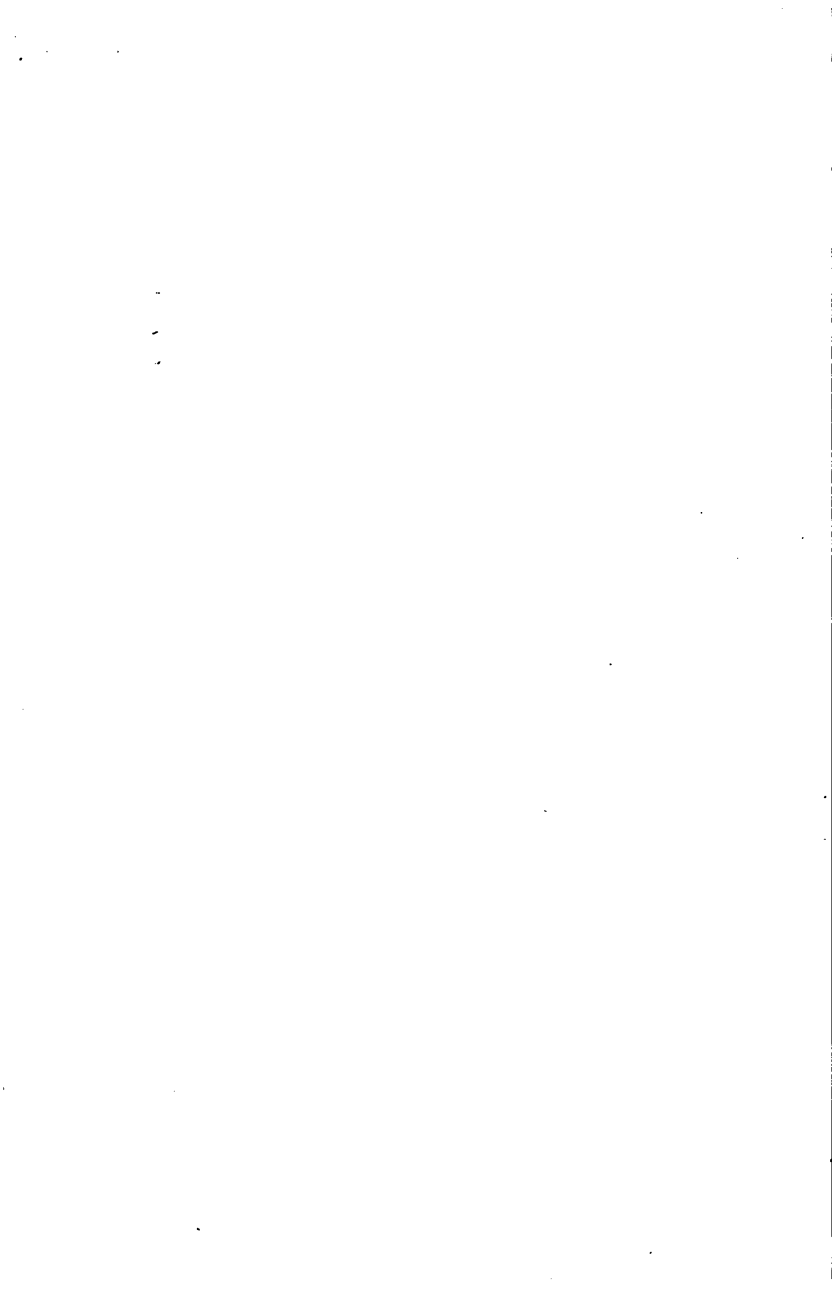
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1951



A ROYAL JOURNEY

BY

MRS. LUCY BRONSON DUDLEY, M.S.

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS TO RUTH," "SUMMER TRAVEL," "TRANSLATIONS
FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN," "THE FLORA OF
SOME MOUNTAINS," ETC.

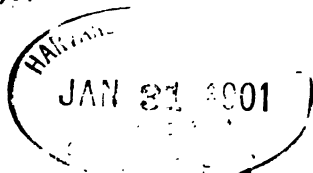


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The Author

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MRS. LUCY BRONSON DUDLEY, M.S.

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Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

THIS BOOK OF ROYAL IMPRESSIONS IS

Dedicated

TO MY MOTHER AT HOME,

MRS. RUTH L. RANNEY BRONSON;

ALSO, TO MY HUSBAND,

P. H. DUDLEY, C. E., PH. D.

A REPORTER AND DELEGATE TO THE

INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY CONGRESS IN PARIS, 1900,

BY THE AUTHOR,

MRS. LUCY BRONSON DUDLEY,

THE TWELFTH OF DECEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED.

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MY DEAR RUTH, —

It has been a third time my pleasure to mail my daily letter to you from the ocean and many of the realms of royalty. It was all so regal that we might have been a king and queen from our royal republic, traveling, as we did, first-class.

These recorded recollections are the result of passing the jubilee year, and an inherited taste for reading and study, with years of travel, and a trip in the tropics.

I hope you and all who may read of these events, which are to me as the voice of Divinity, may enjoy the sparkle of the royal gems of these memories.

Psalms, 89th Chapter, 27th Verse.

ST. LUCY'S DAY, NEW YORK, 1900.

A ROYAL JOURNEY.

CHAPTER I.

OUTWARD BOUND.

NEW YORK, *Wednesday, the 11th of July, 1900.*

THE ship left the dock at ten A.M., leaving a crowd of people waving and cheering, laughing and crying. We did not take the tide at its flood, but waited for it. Ships have an advantage over persons, for they can cross a bar when it is desired, and not when they must, but both are alike in being under orders.

Among the passengers are conducted people, that luxury of travel, but like machine-made affairs, personality is lacking. Also a large party of Endeavorers, who belong to the class of those who desire to do their duty. How fortunate are those who can do their work without endeavoring!

The Gulf Stream, beneficent as it is, gave us hot weather, — just as unbearable as our fine

young soldiers are enduring and suffering in the Philippines, but without any of the comforts of first-class travel or hope of cool waves. The fog-horns blow at intervals, and the color of the water has changed from blue to green. Jupiter is evening star, and the passage is smooth.

Passengers read, sleep, play games, visit, promenade, and spark—the last is amusing. The inevitable concert is given, and perhaps the usual whale is seen, also porpoises and phosphorescent light. The days are both long and short. Bets on distance the most exciting event. Fog seemingly delayed, and estimates went below four hundred. I noted the revolutions of the engines, and thought the momentum of the ship would not be lessened much, as proved to be the case. The beauty and antiquity of the Liturgy were appreciated on Sunday, when the Purser read the service, and nearly all the passengers joined in responses.

The last day at sea, July 18th, should have been passed in packing, but there are always foolish virgins as well as wise, so that at night there was much running to and fro and chatter. There was a glory however, that can never fade in the memory of those who saw it,—a red sun, setting into the ocean, thinly veiled by a

purple cloud, and illuminating in gold the rippling waves of the sea. Mine eyes have seen the radiance of sun, clouds, sky, and water, equal to any of the visions of the prophets. And after that the moon rose, yellow, a crescent, and silvered the waves with quiet beauty after the brilliancy of the setting sun. Jupiter shone with steady light, and the heavens and earth met in transcendent loveliness.

A compiled lecture on Italy was given — very good, but lacking the spirit of its history to those who had been there. How soon one can tell the feeling, and lack of it especially, of those whose eye has not seen. The descriptions in text-books of science, biology, botany, etc., by those who have not visited the countries of the nature they describe, are apparent to all who have had the real vision.

What it is to walk off from a ship, to those who have only seen water, and then more water, felt the constant pulsations of the conserved energy of the carboniferous age, been shelved at night, blown around the deck, — not to mention *mal de mer*, — can only be appreciated down to the spring of the feet until it has all been endured. And here ends the lesson of the sea voyage from New York to Southampton.

CHAPTER II.

THE REALM OF KINGS AND QUEENS.

SOUTHAMPTON, *Thursday, the 19th of July.*

THE custom house is passed without terror, a half-dozen papers are bought, and we step into a first-class compartment of a train, and start for a railroad ride through miles of gardens. The odor of new-mown hay, the waving grain, the shimmering leaves of the oaks, elms, birches, and pines, with the flowers, poppies, epilobium, privet, and wild flowers of the season — all gratify the senses, and thanksgiving is offered.

London is in a hot wave, but even that is grateful after winds and waves of a journey across the Atlantic. I took a carriage-ride to Regent's Park, with its rows of elegant mansions on one side, the homes of the rich in money. The Zoölogical and Botanical Gardens are interesting and instructive, and gratify the senses as well as educate in those specialties. A domestic scene in one shady place, of small



En Route to the British Museum and National Gallery, London.

tables under fancy umbrellas, and surrounded by a group enjoying the cheering cup. Such views suggest some social and pleasant events that are better than gifts, for there is no present equal to a delightful and agreeable memory.

In Hyde Park there is everything for the weary, as many were sleeping under the trees, and also for those who could admire the beauty of art and nature. I entered by the Victoria gate, and left by the Alexandra. The custom in republics is better in naming objects of interest by calling them after some genius. The royal family is in history without volition, but inventors have worked.

The drive around the palaces of Buckingham, Marlborough, and St. James was interesting, for it showed the power of a family and heredity said to be set apart and above by the grace of God. From there to the Tower are books of history, filled with cruelty and death. The world congratulates itself on emerging from the Dark Ages, and deplores the inhumanity of blood-stained years. This advance in wisdom is like the reported walk of the crab family, with three unnecessary wars among the nations at this time. As much land as there is on the

earth, it seems incredible that governments must fight. How much better it would be to use the men and money in building railroads for commerce, and schoolhouses for education, to train instead of shooting and killing those who are weaker, and whose burdens ought to be lightened by those who are fortunate enough to be stronger!

One exception to names of royalty is that of Stephenson, whose statue adorns a railroad station. He only lived a half-century; but his work, like the ripples of water, has enlarged until it has included the world. An overhanging brow, a prominent nose and chin,—he stands to welcome the masses and classes to enjoy the comfort and luxury of the work of his brain, a ride in a railway train.

A lesson to us in the preservation of our forests is seen in the works of a railroad company, to preserve their ties, the process having been in use for a half-century. Red Baltic pine is treated, after being stacked about six months; the bath lasts nearly five hours, and the ties absorb about three gallons of the preparations of creosote. The sap wood absorbs the principal amount, the heart wood only at the ends; the center does not absorb, and therefore

any fungi therein will not be destroyed, and such ties will not last as long as if thoroughly treated, or unaffected by mycelium. In one place could be seen telegraph poles being grown, exactly as an agricultural crop,—an object lesson in forestry.

THE GREAT CITY.

LONDON, *the 20th of July.*

My ride to-day was out to Hammersmith, along the Piccadilly, past the Green Park, the houses of the Dukes of Wellington and Portland. Equestrians in Hyde Park show that the cycle and automobile have not entirely superseded our best animal friend, the horse, who lends himself to our convenience. Many people are like family horses,—go slow or fast as desired; serve also by standing and waiting; turned out to grass when not needed; and are altogether useful, and as a rule, unappreciated until it is found impossible to fill their places.

The houses are generally decorated with vines and flowers, which make them beautiful. One of the elm trees in Hyde Park had two large fungi (*Agaricus Ulmarius*, Bull), six inches in width, and its mycelium has filled the trunk and branches of that tree, until the time will come when it will bloom no more.

Saturday, the 21st of July.

Having tendencies toward civil engineering and science, we went down the subway, lined with white tiles, walked quite a distance, then more steps, and in the dim light saw the train to take us by electricity under the river Thames. The tunnel is circular, and the cars are the same shape, and dimly lighted. There is a conductor, and like the elevated railroad, there are two double seats in the center, and long seats from them to the doors, with straps, which in this trip were not needed. We were six minutes in riding to Waterloo Station, and returned to the Mansion House by carriage.

Since the members of the Wales family have dined at a cheap restaurant, conducted for the benefit of the poor in purse, it is one of the things to do, and we did it. A worthy object, and good food, comparatively, not appetizing, however, but very cheap, and to many it is probably richness. It is a common saying that the best way to see London is from the top of an omnibus, and in this high and exalted station we rode through Cheapside, Regent Street, Oxford Street, past the Marble Arch and beyond, seeing the homes of the rich and powerful, large trees, notably the sycamore, which

thrives well, brilliant colored flowers, and an altogether delightful ride in every way. Charity covers much ground here, for hospitals of all kinds are often seen. The good men and women do lives after them, and the patronage of royalty and nobility is nobly dispensed by these beneficent charities.

The Sixth Sunday after Trinity in Westminster Abbey was a memorable day, with a good sermon by a College President on the needs of the clergy. The details of their work seemed impossible to do, only as one would think of that accomplished by men of business, railway officials, and all those gifted with the faculty of management. The sermon was from the Hebrew dramatist, where he relates not only what he did, but "searched" for it, a suitable description of the message of charity in this historic tomb, where dead hands can no longer bless, but where the complex and delicate engines of their minds still rule and govern. After the service we walked slowly through the cloisters, and went into St. James Park on the Birdcage Walk, crossed the bridge, saw the inherited residences of the Queen and members of her family, and ascended Constitution Hill, from the quiet park to the noise of Piccadilly.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAND OF THE BATTLE ROYAL OF
WATERLOO.

"THE LITTLE PARIS."

Monday, the 23d of July.

WE left our hotel and drove to Charing Cross Station, where even first-class gentlemen are not allowed to enter the room for first-class ladies. The ride to Dover commences by backing over the Thames and then into the country fields. There are many tunnels, suggesting the remark of a Scotchman who thought a railroad could not be built in Illinois, for instance, because there was no place for tunnels. This is offset by an engineer who put in a double reverse curve on a prairie because it was so easy to do and showed his skill.

In the chalk cliffs of Dover were little boat-houses dug out, convenient of course, but not architectural. The channel was smooth, and two boats made about the same time until their paths diverged. Ostend lay white and

glistening on the sandy beach, and there were many on the pier to meet acquaintances. The custom officials took our word, and that is more than our own free, enlightened, and civilized land will do; for after swearing us, our baggage is turned topsy turvy, and offends all sense of honor, which to some is of more account than personal effects.

The train from Ostend to Brussels runs through a country like a public park. It shows care, labor, thought, and money on every foot of ground, up to the sky line, all for utility and its consequent beauty, for there is loveliness in usefulness. The long rows of trees in the distance were so trimmed that they looked like palms, and gave a tropical view to the landscape. Canals were often crossed, and frequent windmills waved their long arms to the generations who were benefited by their sawing in the air. Fields of wheat, barley, oats, rye, and potatoes lay yellow and green like carpets. Trees of elm, poplar, willow, and pines were planted, trimmed, and trained for specific purposes, and the hand of thrift and toil was ever present. The small houses were usually white, and occasional mansions were seen. It was once asked, "What made a mansion?" and

the reply was, "Back stairs as well as front."

Brussels is called the little Paris; and if white and cream houses, boulevards and open-air restaurants, make a similarity, then they are alike; and besides, French is the common language. How strange is the difference in speech! On the dock at Dover we spoke English, and on the boat it was French with the useful and inevitable shrug.

The sidewalks here speak to one of the carboniferous period, by way of large and perfect specimens of the crinoid family — the limestone is quarried near, and of a blue color — a foot-way of geological interest.

The Cathedral of St. Gudule, the Hotel de Ville, and the Palais of Justice, are notable buildings. They testify to the munificence of the Church, the Civic and Legal trinity. The public park is a rest and refreshment; the trees are large, and the shade dense. Fruits — of cherries, currants, and gooseberries — are large and well flavored, and many times two people could be seen in a shady place with a paper bag full of the variety. The people seem to be sincerely polite, without the mannerisms of some nationalities.

Dr. Dudley was given a pass by the executive officers of the railroads, which are under the government, and he made several trips on locomotives and hand-cars, the latter propelled by poles. These railroads are in good condition comparatively; but I can but wonder what they would all think and say to ride over the two highest types of the United States, — the Boston & Albany Railroad with its suburban service through towns and gardens, and the New York Central, up the picturesque Hudson River and the rich Mohawk Valley with its numerous and thriving cities, to Buffalo on Lake Erie. These trains roll and glide so smoothly that a joint, curve, or grade is unnoticed. But on the English and Continental railways, with their system of opposite and suspended joints, every one can be counted, even in the heavily upholstered first-class compartments.

The people here must have the idea that they and theirs are to be seen; for the towns and trains are full of tourists, which are generally classed under the name of Americans. We do not seem to have any number of foreign visitors, except possibly in 1893 at the Columbian Exposition. The natural scenery of Niagara and other places, the new cities with all the modern

improvements of steam and electricity, do not attract even those who ought to improve the advantages of travel, and especially on the superior railway systems of the United States.

The cutest object of art and nature in Brussels is the boy fountain, so funny that it seems not only desirable to see, but one would not like to miss the sight.

The Art Gallery is a large and handsome building, well filled with valuable paintings and statuary. The esthetic side of all generations has always been in evidence, and all nations have guarded well many valuable works of pure beauty. Even the constant wars and changes of governments have not been as disastrous to such things as would seem possible, and the influence has increased during all the past ages.

THE CITY OF DOCKS.

ANTWERP, *the 28th of July.*

Another ride through every inch of cultivated and productive land; a lesson in thrift, even to the use of dogs as beasts of burden; and one cow was hitched to an antique plow and paced along the furrows. The people are kindly in their manners to strangers. The miles of docks send and receive in ships to and from all countries,

supplies and products of every description. Far-seeing men have understood the benefits of commerce, and have prepared for prosperity by building these docks. With this material side, they have also cultivated the arts, and natural talent is shown by the "Matsys Well," made by a blacksmith who became an artist, and his pictures are in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. All cities are in contrast with their churches, the houses of their inhabitants with the extremes of elegance and poverty, the rich man and the beggars who implore alms from tourists, showing a lack of civic pride. In driving through the Park, I saw the Nuphar advena, which shows the difference of value in environment, for we are only satisfied with the Nymphæa. There were fine Shepherdia trees, and on some streets were branches of Lindens trimmed to run on wires from tree to tree ; really forests in a state of graceful nature may become by training, a rarity.

The consuls of the United States are supposably agreeable, and enjoy seeing their countrymen. But even at the best hotels their address is not given. We are using a catching phrase at present about hauling down the flag. There should be something done before that —

to raise it. Bare flag-poles are not ornamental on the offices of our consuls and ambassadors ; and I would suggest here that our representatives abroad raise the " Stars and Stripes," and never take them down only to replace with new when necessary. For with all there is to see in foreign travel, there is no sight more pleasant to the eye, or warming to the heart, or inspiring to the mind, than our own arrangement of red, white, and blue, whenever or wherever we may see it.

A constant annoyance in traveling is the tip, the *pourboire*, the *trinkgeld*, or whatever it may be called in any language. I know that all travelers would be glad to settle the whole bill to include service in its true sense, than to be obliged to provide in dribblets for every thing that is done. It is an injustice to all, and a stop to it would be a great convenience. Americans are said to have initiated the practice, if so, they should cease at once for the benefit of future generations.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNTRY OF REGAL MOUNTAINS.

Monday, the 30th of July.

BASLE is a beautiful place, with flowers, trees, and statuary. After a slight shower there was a perfect rainbow, with a secondary, and a suspicion of a third. The hall of the hotel seemed to be like a salon where were people of all nationalities, some taking after-dinner coffee. Travelers owe a tribute to first-class hotels, to reach at any hour, have a good room, refreshments, attention, rest, and information. Perhaps the "tip" is only an expression of gratitude added to the bill, after all.

What visions are conjured up in the mind by the word Alps! Heights, depths, snow, waterfalls, tunnels, trees, sun, shade, admiration, wonder, delight, houses, cows, sheep, meadows, and rivers, all pass before the eyes like a panorama, magnificent and grand, imposing, and expressive of the Delectable Mountains. Nature has done its wonders by piling

up earth and stone, and then gorged them with water and ice. Civil engineers have walked and worked, figured, planned, and surveyed. Financiers have furnished the money. Manufacturers have made material. Commerce has brought to its place the necessities. All these men of brains and money have worked together, and we can take a train at Basle in the morning, ride in luxury, dine *en route*, — and in this instance the dinner was in passing through St. Gothard's Tunnel, — feast the eyes on magnificent and varied scenery, and rest at night in Milan. As Napoleon said, "There shall be no Alps," there have been none when the demand came for the railroad over and through them.





Cathedral of St. Mark, Venice, a Glorious Vision.

CHAPTER V.

THE KINGDOM OF PRINCELY CATHEDRALS.

Wednesday, the 1st of August.

WHEN the inspirers and architects of the Milan Cathedral commenced their imposing work, it probably did not occur to them that it would be not only a magnet, but a financial investment as long as it endured.

It has presumably taken more money into Milan than any other edifice. It cannot be passed by, if one is on the Continent. Its situation is sociable, right among the people, easy of entrance, and a joy to see this house made by the hands of artists, gifted to enchain and arrest the figures of saints and angels, and possibly all the company of heaven. Their practical eye also placed the brass line of a meridian, and astronomy entered into their calculations. All generations who now and ever shall walk, admire the genius that radiates like the sunlight through stained glass upon the cross, and has given this basilica to the world. While we

were at Milan, King Humbert was assassinated and bulletin boards had the announcements. The people read them quietly, and without any visible sign of agitation or excitement, by word or deed.

The ride from Milan to Boulogne is through a level country, with arched bridges over present waterless ways. Corn, hemp, and the wild grape vines run riotously over convenient trees. Rows of Lombardy poplars and willows trimmed to a perfect circle, and fruit trees, are in the landscape, and the sky line is so low and even that the engineers had only to lay the ties and rails on the level ground.

At Boulogne all this changed; the road was hilly and then mountainous, tunnels with their grades and curves were frequent. The railroads have taken possession of land and water as they find it. They wind around the hills, or pierce with tunnels. They rise to their height, and come down to the valleys in which the towns and cities lay white and inviting. We seem to go up with a rush and effort, and come down in the same manner. On one hillside I saw the olive, fig, chestnut, pine, cedar, and locust, and could hear the songs of birds, and see the many-colored wild flowers.

Refreshments are offered at nearly every station, and although every one appears to be speaking something that is not understood, there is one universal language, and that is — a smile. It shows the good temper, good humor, good nature, good habits, and good sense of travelers, and is appreciated by all who see it.

FLORENCE, *Thursday, the 2d of August.*

The home of illustrious dead, monuments of art, painting, statuary, architecture, and their devotion to them all. The city is a magnet for those gifted with the vision to see and understand, without a guide-book or courier. To regard the tombs of those who worked in literature and art, and to know how their influence has widened, is almost like an actual visit; to tread the paths, and see their environment, touches their works with a personal feeling never before felt.

The river Arno with its bridges, the grand dome that not only inspired Michael Angelo but all the rest of us, and what a wealth of gratitude we feel when we stand where we can see the Palazza Vecchio, the Uffizi and Pitti palaces, the Cathedral and the Campanile, the Baptistery with its bronze doors. The visions

and dreams of artists can have their fruition here in the works of the workers in the centuries that have passed. All these, aside from their esthetic value, are and have been good investments; for how many people would visit Florence, Milan, Pisa, etc., without their cathedrals, and do any tourists pass them in the night?

The drive around the surrounding hills was under an arch of trees — sycamore, elm, willows, and the salisburia — with views of the city, and the tower in which Galileo worked to find the world went around and was round. The statue of David by Michael Angelo stands on the summit, and the view from here overlooks the enriched city by gifted generations.

In the evening, in a little park, the cutting of a watermelon into hundreds of pieces and sold by mouthfuls was a comparative sight to the large pieces and melons of our own country. Curiously enough, here in the sun of Italy, the pears, peaches, and plums are not sweet and luscious, even the grapes are sour.

Friday, the 3d of August.

The ride from Florence to Rome was at first in a valley, and afterward we went into the

Apennines. I conceived the idea of approximating the length of tunnels, or any place desired, from the system of opposite and suspended joints. Count each one, as can always be done, multiply by thirty, the supposable length of the rails, result the distance passed.

On some of the hills are monasteries or convents where the priests, friars, or monks have passed their quiet lives, making cordials and wines from their vines, and illuminating and translating books, that now and ever shall be the admiration of generations—for there are some in nearly all libraries—a record of patient hand work and possibly heart work. Their environment also may show the inspiration of hymns and literature; for it is easy to fancy them saying, “Light on thy hills, Jerusalem,” or, “Calm on the listening ear of night,” in the long dawn and twilight. The supernatural has dominated during all the records of history. The Romanists really seem to worship the Virgin more than her Son. The Turks pray to Allah; and I saw this week two descend from a train at a station, who must have heard the hour of prayer tolled, for they stretched out their rug and kneeled toward the proper point of compass. Naturally they attracted atten-

tion, and one of them was visibly annoyed. The other was oblivious, as he should have been.

Some years ago I saw in Grace Church, New York, — always open, — two Italians enter, possibly husband and wife, in plain attire, and, as was her habit, with uncovered head. They walked slowly up the middle aisle, knelt at the railing, crossed themselves, said their prayers, arose and passed out, without knowing that their devotions had been given, and of course received, in an Episcopal Church.

It is impossible to ride over this peaceful country and quiet landscape, and imagine the wars and battles that have covered these plains and hillsides. It is to be hoped that there may never be another Peace Congress at the Hague, or any other place ; for since then both England and the United States have crossed the seas, with trained armies and rapid-firing guns, to subdue some farmers and brown men, who merely desire their freedom to have a government according to their views, habits, heredity, traditions, and climate. Both England and the United States profess and call themselves Christians, civilized and enlightened, and are such strong nations they should help the weak, in-

stead of killing them and devastating the land with war. However, wars always have been and will be. In Bible times, kings were demanded, and after trial they were found wanting. What may sometimes seem an answered prayer, results in a disappointment and an unwise affair. The works of painting, sculpture, and architecture in these old cities have not only enlightened the Gentiles, but all people. These artists knew the best way of doing anything, for they were gifted, and their labors have given us art.

THE CAPITAL OF ITALY.

Saturday, the 4th of August.

This day mine eyes have seen the glory of an earthly prince of the church militant — the Vatican. The situation is imposing; the numbered columns and narrow-stepped staircase can be ascended to the various rooms and arcades, of all sizes and forms, but all are ornamented. The views from the opened windows gave glimpses of trees, flowers, and fountains, and among them the Pope and members of his family can take their exercise, for he is in the anomalous position as the head of a church and a prisoner. The first ascension led to the paint-

ings, all noted, but especially the Transfiguration, the Madonna of Foligno, and the Last Communion of St. Jerome, by Raphael. Some of these were being well copied, and others are haunting, especially a martyr, whose body lies on the ground, and his head in the arms of a saint, with lines of cherubim and seraphim in the distance.

The Sistine Chapel is covered with the best work of Michael Angelo, and the visitor could pass hours and days in gazing at the marvelous genius of this gifted man.

From this part we went in front of St. Peter's, and around to the side, and entered the rooms for sculpture, where all the works are original, and those are fortunate who can see copies. We were also shown the carriages, altogether too ornate to be useful, but they serve their purpose when needed in an imposing parade. The matchless picture is the library; and if my writing could give witness, it would be a glorious sight, a vision of transcendent loveliness. These artists, while working for the whole state of Christ's church militant in their time, included us; and we triumph in their entrancing visions, arrested by brush and chisel for our benefit.

Sunday, the 5th of August.

We went to St. Paul outside the walls, where I bought in one of the porches some rosaries for Romanist acquaintances. They were blessed in the Cathedral, where tradition records that the educated and vigorous saint now rests from his labors, while his voice rings through the world with increasing strength. The interior is chaste and imposing, four rows of large white marble pillars, marble floor, and brilliant stained glass, all make it conspicuous among the numerous cathedrals we have visited. While visiting the Coliseum, and Arches of Constantine and Titus, and the Forum, I took a snap-shot at Dr. Dudley, posing him and his inventive genius against a background of the science and art of thousands of years that have passed.

We took a drive through the Park, and had an extensive view of the city from the Pincian Hill, the most conspicuous sight being the dome of St. Peter's Cathedral. The trees are old, indeed, everything on which the eye rests shows antiquity. The attuned ear can hear the musical notes of a modern thrush, though its ancestors may have sung to the Caesars.

We passed one corner where were four statues and fountains, four churches at the ter-

minals of the view, and could also see the Quirinal wherein now rests the remains of the King. The city is perfectly quiet, and the only signs of death and change of rulers are the flags at half-mast with a streamer of black crape. This common sense of the common people is to be prized and encouraged, to accept with equanimity changes of government.

Monday, the 6th of August.

The ride from Rome to Naples is through the vines and olives, plains and hills; and in the afternoon we alighted at the station, and began to see the beauty of the city, and shall probably die after it, but not for the reputed reason. From the window of our hotel we can see Mt. Vesuvius, and the lovely pinkish purple evening light with the moonlight on the water. The old castle is now a rock of pleasure, harboring yachts from which swimmers plunge into the bay. The ride past the miniature copy of St. Peter's at Rome and along the narrow streets shows the new and old in sharp contrast. The winding drive up the hill gives extensive views of the city and its surroundings. The greatest curiosity is the old road to Rome through a narrow tunnel, a kilometer in length



The Forum and Mt. Vesuvius, Pompeii.

and a single track in width, which is supposed to be that much of the Appian Way between Rome and Brindisi. Beside that, is a modern tunnel for the use of an electric railway, and these cars are changing the old cities into the new life of the new century.

THE CITY WITHOUT INHABITANTS.

Tuesday, the 7th of August.

We left Naples early, and rode along the sea-coast, seeing some shipping, and stopped at the small station of Pompeii. After a lunch we went with an official guide into the gate of the deserted city, and bought the necessary tickets. I hired a sort of sedan chair with two carriers to carry me over the desolate and quiet streets, which were once as lively and busy as any in the land. The preserved remains in the museum are very pathetic. The ruins of their halls of justice, theaters, baths, and forum show forth their intelligence and refined taste. A city with all of its buildings and industries covered suddenly by lava, tufa, and ashes from Mt. Vesuvius seems now almost like an incredible story. For the blue sky and fleecy clouds, the maidenhair ferns and some wild flowers, and the volcano, are all so natural and quiet, as it

might have been that day in the first century before the storm that covered the city for thousands of years. On the route back to Naples I saw century plants in bloom, enormous prickly pears, and palm-trees. Nature is here shown in variety and contrast; Vesuvius with smoke at its summit, water, islands, blue sky and semi-tropical vegetation, and the possibility of fire from the volcano, with the buried city, all make up a variety not seen in any other landscape. The desolation of the city of Pompeii is a minor chord in this otherwise attractive and bright situation.

Thursday, the 9th of August.

We left Naples too early to be bothered with beggars that swarm in the streets and are happily late to rise, and crossed the boot leg to Foggia.

The land was well cultivated with grains, figs, olives, and grapes. The wild flowers common to all countries were in bloom, and the chicory was pretty and conspicuous. Along the Adriatic, with its marked lines of blue and green, the small waves lapped the sandy beaches, and bathing-places and fishing were continuous sights until we reached Ancona. The eucalyptus-tree is common, and its pungent odor is not



Church and State, Venice.

only pleasant, but also the idea that as our driver said in Naples, "it cured sick mens." He made the same remark about the herds of goats that were driven in the city at night to be milked, the process occurring at any place desired.

From Boulogne the ride was in the night, the moon was full, the mountains glistened, and with the starry host the evening was as beautiful as the day.

THE CITY OF THE LEVEL OF THE SEA.

Friday, the 10th of August.

Venice, the city set in the water, was busy in its fish-market in the early hour. We landed and paddled our way to the palace, converted into a useful hotel. One can fancy those considered to be taken apart, ascending these marble stairs, and sweeping their elegant robes through richly furnished rooms, in contrast to the traveling public who can now use the ascenseur, have electric lights and all modern luxuries. The irony of fate, or the sarcasm of time, can both be left to work out the law of compensation. The cathedral of St. Mark was celebrating the obsequies of the king. Its gay and brilliant appearance did not suggest any more sadness

than the people, though some had closed their shops. The reputed pillars from Solomon's Temple in this cathedral in the island city bring together pages of history, and faith is necessary in hearing many statements. But the beauty of St. Mark's Square, the cathedral, palace, library, statuary, and campanile, is an assured fact and a notable sight.

When the traveler of this twentieth century stands in cities like Rome or Venice, does he see anything but the shell, or the mummy, or skeleton, of history? The Caesars and Doges, with all of their relatives and retinues, have passed, leaving only the decay of Time's effacing fingers.

Will it be the same in centuries to come with a metropolis like New York? How little we can know in this state of existence — hardly have time to start our race before we are called to finish! However this may all be, the present Venice by night, with a full moon, is a dream or vision of beauty, and all of its past fearful history like a nightmare. The people fill the streets, the women of all ages wearing black shawls; and their rhythmic motions up and down the marble steps, and along the Grand Canal, are free from any of the dread of the lion's mouth.

We walked into the court of the palace of the Doges, up the grand staircase, with its heroic statues, and, after paying the price, entered the rooms decorated by gifted artists,—among them Veronesa, Tintoretto,—their pupils and others. The amount of work that these persons accomplished is almost incredible, and so much of it while lying on their backs and gazing upward. The history of all these places is always decorative, and the appreciation of genius has been both in use and ornament. The books and manuscripts in the library are priceless to some, and an inspiration to all who may see them. A few steps over the “Bridge of Sighs,” and there is contrast of light and darkness, luxury to poverty, from power to suffering. The shriving of a condemned person on the night before execution behind an iron grate and before an image of the Virgin, lighted by a candle, is such a sarcasm on the practice of the Preacher of the Sermon on the Mount, that one can only wonder if it could give any comfort to a distressed mind or aching heart.

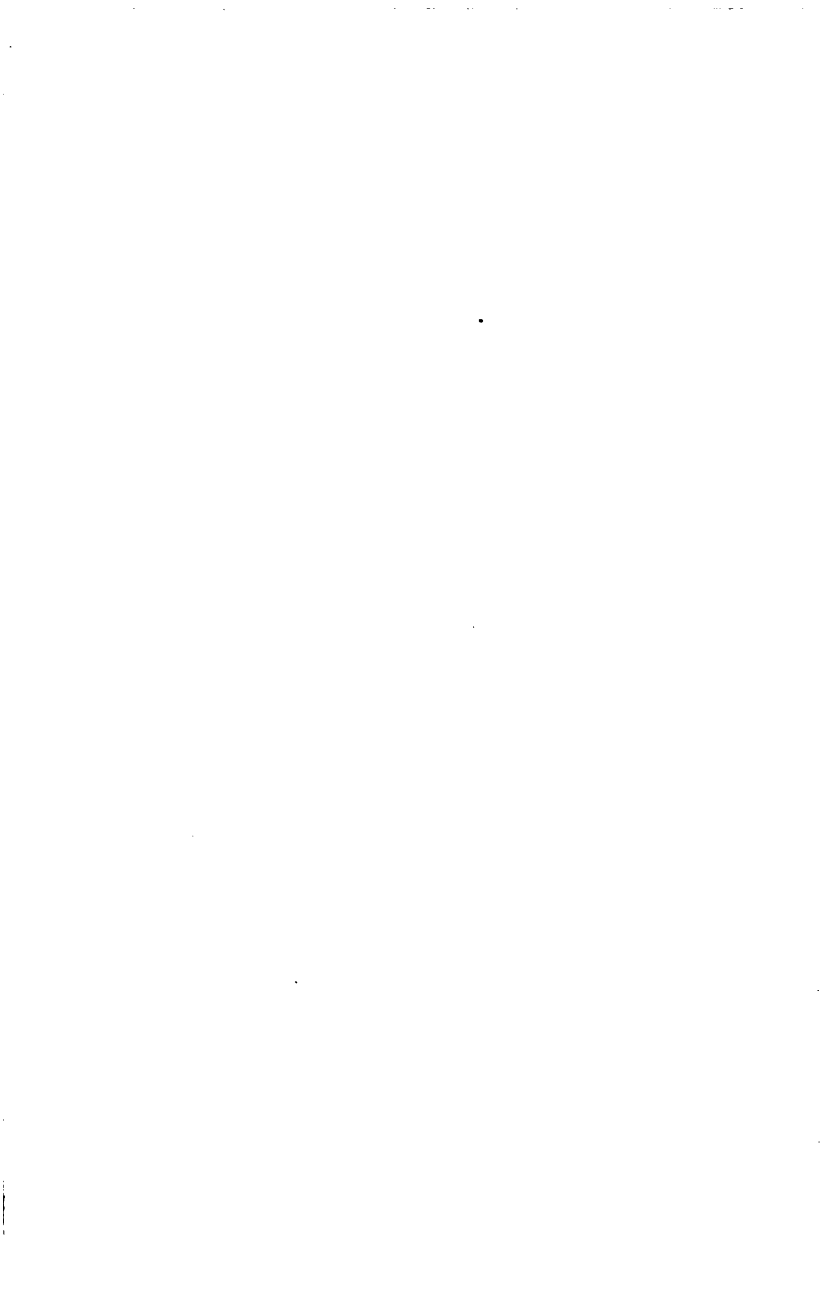
It has been my good fortune to see the full moon on Lake Geneva with Mont Blanc in the distance, the Bay of Naples with Mt. Vesuvius, and now the Adriatic with the light of numerous gondolas.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DOMAIN OF THE ROYAL ROADS.

Saturday, the 11th of August.

WE left Venice with a promise of rain in a dark cloud, while stars were shining on the other side. The rain finally descended in such torrents that our gondoliers stopped under one of the bridges until the shower was over. Our ride on the train was delightful; and at the boundary, which travelers always know from a visit of the custom official, we soon entered the Austrian Alps, and had the varied and wonderful panorama of mountain scenery. At Villach a lunch came in, previously ordered, and a side table was raised for convenience. When one compares the dining-cars of the United States with those on the continent, we can feel proud of our own, and in fact, of our entire railroad system. Our large parlor, sleeping, and dining cars, powerful locomotives, and the gliding of these over smooth and heavy rails, unconscious of joints, curves, or grades, make all journeys as





Sublimity of Nature, Semmering Pass.

luxurious as possible. Only the fact that the railroad equipment abroad suits the inhabitants saves it from our ridicule.

The scenery and wayside studies are always interesting from variety and contrast, and Alpine views are so attractive that it seemed desirable to stop at Semmering. The change of a week from Rome with its antiquity, cathedrals, paintings, and statuary to a place of nature — nearly a mile above the level of the sea — was not only a thought but an inspiration. A stillness was on these everlasting hills, not broken by even the sound of a bird, though I saw two wrens, one trying to teach the other to fly. These mountains are wound around by excellent roads, dotted by substantial hotels and gay villas. Telegraph-poles, electric lights, numerous pedestrians, bicycles, and carriages, all combine to make these heights among the clouds as attractive as possible. Still more heights beyond, and, as we look down, the towns in the valleys seem almost like toy houses. The flowers that bloom are the fragrant cyclamen, and those common to temperate zones, *compositæ*, *labiatæ*, and *legumenosæ*. The trees are pines, balsams, larches, spruce, and occasional beeches and birches. Our *ampelopsis*

quinquefolia decorates the piazza of our hotel, and the view shows mountains of all altitudes, clouds both high and low on them, and a blue sky overhead. The height and depth and riches of nature.

IN CLOUD LAND.

Sunday, the 12th of August.

A walk in the afternoon gave us extended views of peaks on peaks, Ossa on Pelion piled, and in the far distance a cog railway to increase the attractions to tourists. These mountain-tops were the first telegraph and telephone poles, for they furnished a place for signal lights to notify friends and foes of existing conditions. A blaze on one was read on others, as we read telegrams. Verily there have been similar results since the reign of man. I heard the sweet notes of a thrush, and saw the work of a family of termites. In one of the railway stations in Italy their activity had reduced the wood-work into thin shavings and powder. Observers of animal life can see much to admire and imitate, especially in different localities. In Naples the donkey seems to do the most work, in other cities the dog; and the horse is beyond all except in Venice, where he is super-

seded by a gondolier. How sarcastic are many events in daily life !

Tuesday, the 14th of August.

The ride from Semmering to Vienna was over, in, around, and under the mountains, valleys, and river, and pleased the eye with its variety and novelty, and gratified the engineer with its ability. Vienna seems to be awake, for streets are being widened, houses torn down, and others constructed. The public vehicles are a curiosity and a convenience.

The U. S. Consul's office, as usual, did not display a flag, and it took several questions to find it, when it should have been conspicuous with Stars and Stripes, which tourists like to see above and beyond everything.

The art of being a good American in any country is to behave with perfect propriety, dress suitably and quietly, make requests politely, and in all things behave like well-trained and cultivated ladies and gentlemen. There would then not be any necessity to wear or carry flags, for the manners would be the cloud of witnesses to proclaim to all that the tourists or strangers who behaved graciously must be from the United States.

The state railroads are like all the others,—

almost toys in comparison to "American rails." In one yard is a locomotive in use after fifty years' service.

The principal business seems to be to eat outdoors, and of course to drink also. The cathedral is imposing and noted; for tourists all go to see it, walk around its large pillars, notice the stained glass, the occasional kneeling worshippers, and wonder at the whole. In this connection I add that pages could be written, and have been, of all these places, and are really guide-books. What I write in this volume of royal recollections is only the impression of the whole, without details.

The public buildings are situated on the "Ring," probably as noted a collection as any in the world; and it is easy to find the way for strangers who like to stroll alone.

The Holy Day of the Assumption, the 15th of August.

The Virgin Mary would probably be the most astonished of persons, if she could see the place she occupies after nineteen centuries have passed since she has. This city was virtually closed, more than on Sundays. The people seem to be glad of any chance for a holyday, and this desire assists their willingness to

respect the days of the saints. The museums and art galleries were open, and persons of all ages and conditions were ascending and descending the marble stairs, viewing the elegance and munificence of this imperial capital. Workingmen with a child on each hand, explaining the rare and costly objects, giving to their narrow lives a glimpse of earthly glory and a possible stimulus to latent ability.

Working men and women do not all wear common clothes, or commence at seven in the morning and cease at six at night. The managers of enterprises, the financiers, the engineers, who may wear Prince Albert coats and silk hats, dress-suits for dinner, often work twenty-four hours in the day, of genuine labor. They pass their days for wealth, and then their wealth for health. In this substantial and well-built city, around the Ring, with its elegant buildings and palaces, there run in the streets the most ridiculous little trams or wagons covered with advertisements, so that visitors do not know whether the vehicle goes to some strasse or to some patent medicine. The affair on wheels, whatever its name may be, is convenient, for it seems to go everywhere, presumably with a method. I could describe the

Votive Church, the Opera House, Parliament, Hotel de Ville, Palace, Museum, Art Gallery, and all the princely buildings that make the Ring one of the most imposing in the world. But these essays are not in any sense a guide-book, but, as the prophet says, they are the "visions" that are left on my personality with all that I see and hear and experience. I am impressed with the kindness and consideration of all the people, for many of them go out of their way to direct the sauntering strangers, and answer questions with politeness. It is however, good human nature to impart information, and, as a rule, every one likes to be a mentor.

Friday, the 17th of August.

The birthday of an Emperor. Vienna was decorated in an elaborate manner with national flags of all sizes and kinds; and in a ride of several miles I only saw two of the United States, and one of those was on a hotel. The Emperor will feel pardonable pride in seeing these manifestations in his honor, and they show forth respect for his years and reign.

The locomotive works here furnish neighboring countries with that greatest engine of civilization. The employees work about nine hours

a day, and thousands of them are employed, and many of them live in the rows of houses near the works. Their children run in the street, carry lunch, and are reared to work. The garden was gay with roses, verbenas, mignonette, pelargoniums, and two florapondas. The manager was hospitable and gracious with attentions of refreshments and bouquets.

The evening of Friday, August 17th, was given to the masses. The streets and pavements were filled with all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children. Street cars and carriages made way for pedestrians, and only mail wagons were allowed to be driven. Our room, which "gave" on the Ring, had a rug suspended from the large, double window, and six wax candles in a row, so that we participated in the Biblical affair of threescore and ten. It was a gay scene, with all the colors of the rainbow, and a happy crowd of people, like the numberless leaves of Vallombrosa; though in passing through that place I did not see any more there than is usual on the same trees. Poetic license can be scientifically misleading.

AROUND THE RING.

VIENNA, *Sunday, the 19th of August.*

A pleasant day for a walk past the Opera House, fine Art Gallery and Museum. Between the two are conventional beds of shades of green, without any other color, and very handsome they were. We passed the Palace of the Emperor, the Treasury, Theatre, and to the Rathhouse, made ready for a public mass to celebrate the birthday, surrounded by crowds of people, with bands and companies of soldiers. At the Votive Church a strong-voiced priest was telling his people in German what was right and honorable. The congregation was seated around him sociably in movable chairs, and the light streamed through the stained glass, and it all made a beautiful picture.

The little parks are gay with flower beds, and in one the trees were labeled. The Japanese Salisburia had some of its long branches lying on the ground, all staminate trees.



Power of Science, Vienna.



CHAPTER VII.

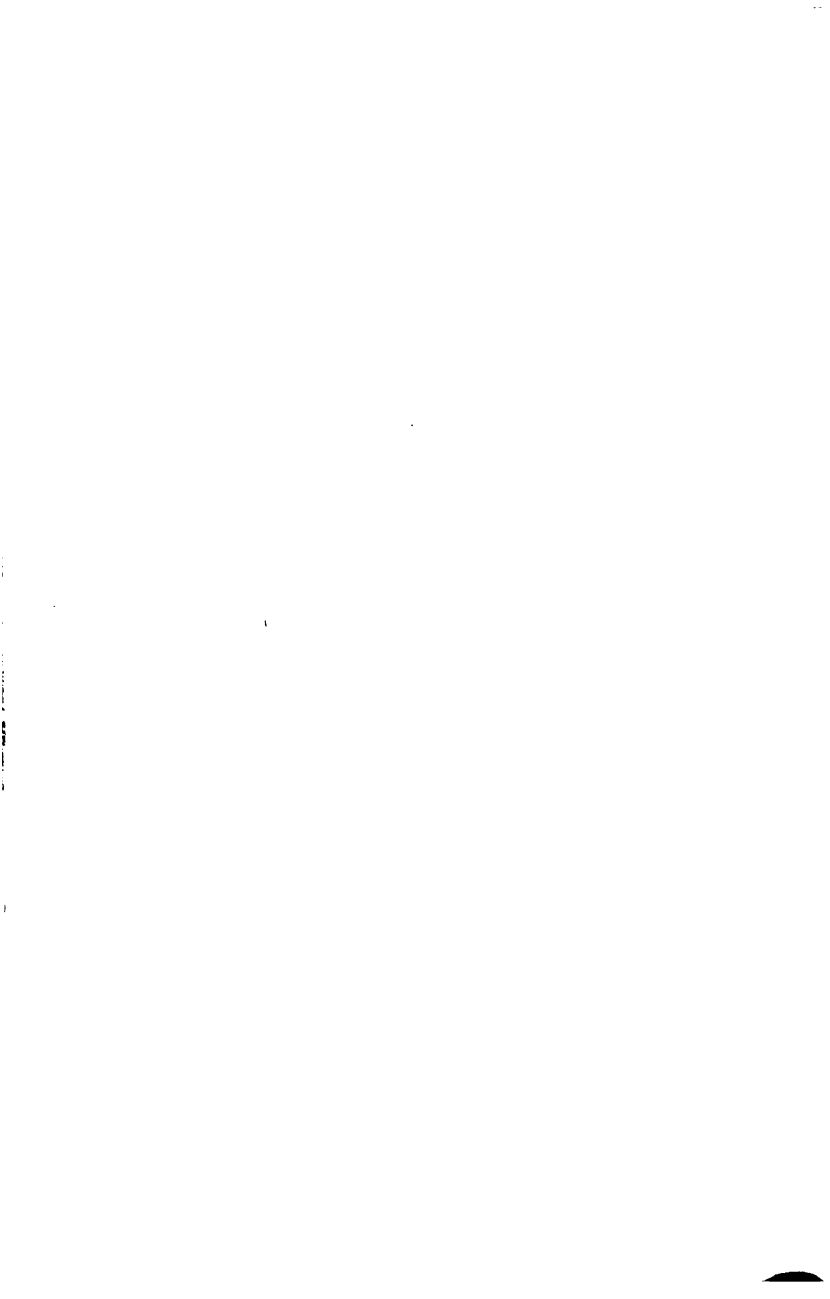
THE MONARCHY OF THE GREAT PETER AND CATHERINE.

Monday, the 20th of August.

WE left Vienna in a "wagon lit," and crossed the brown Danube, which waltzed toward the sea as well as if it were blue. The country is level, the valley wide and fertile. Many industries were passed, and everything seemed prosperous. At one of the stations we ordered in a table d'hôte dinner, which filled our room, and from soup to dessert all were appetizing. Against our usual custom to travel only by daylight, we had taken a sleeping-car, to go direct to St. Petersburg without change of cars, and with our passport *vised* the ride seemed to be free from any anxiety. Fancy our surprise at the border, to be ordered out by an officer clad in white garments, and into a large room where every piece of baggage was opened and examined! even the waterproof and rubbers on the outside were labeled. Our passports were

taken away, and then I felt as if our identification was lost, and we might be called by some other name, not at all as sweet as our own. I do not yet know what was dutiable or if any such articles were found in any of the baggage examined. This was the first time we had seen the white Russian blouse. After the examination we were told to wait about an hour, then about eleven at night, and the large restaurant was well patronized. On our return to the compartment in the car the beds were ready and our passport was returned. We had evidently been weighed and found correct. We rode along until about six o'clock in the morning, when we reached Warsaw, and were told it was necessary for us to take a carriage ride across the town and river Vistula to another station, which we did. But the satire of a "through wagon lit" was noted for future use, for the railroad track changes gauge here from four feet, eight and one-half inches, to five feet.

Warsaw is a well-built and attractive city, handsome public buildings, and we did not regret the enforced ride or long wait at the station, where we had coffee and rolls, as all adopt this Continental custom by reason of necessity.





Form, Motion and Express, the Work of Man, St. Petersburg.

Tuesday, the 21st of August.

The ride to St. Petersburg was tame, — plenty of land — no need for anyone to fail of a home or farm, for thatched huts are the rule, and grain, fruit, and poultry could be raised, and the inhabitants ought to be thrifty. The difficulties of coming in and going out of Russia are a visible barrier to commerce. The people at the stations are polite and attentive, and try to understand our English, French, and German, when they only know their own language. Hot tea is served in glass tumblers, usually with a piece of lemon, and is refreshing. We were permitted to ride without change until St. Petersburg was reached.

THE CITY OF THE DOUBLE-HEADED EAGLE.

Wednesday, the 22d of August.

The station is large and convenient and the first one we had seen with a shrine. The carriage ride to the hotel was pleasant, and we alighted at an arch, through which we could see the Winter Palace and some government buildings. We had a front room, and could see the droskys with their padded drivers, companies of soldiers, and while the city might seem like all others it is entirely different. We

called at the consular office, which had up a discouraged looking flag — better than none — but at the Ambassador's the flag was hauled down if it had ever been raised. All the persons connected with both places were attentive.

During one of our walks we saw the name of an American enterprise, and we called for some information in the English language, which is different from the Russian on the point of being understood. The manager was cordial, and we were treated to hot tea in glass tumblers.

The difficulty here in Russia, even with three languages at command, is their alphabet of thirty-six letters, and those like ours are not the same if they look alike.

I understand the stereotyped remarks about people in Panama, for the rating of desirability was if "he could read reading or writing or both," for I was in a city unable to read the names of streets, ask a question, or understand a remark, or read the headings in the daily papers. One fortunate fact, figures are the same. There is a trinity of universal languages — figures, music and a smile.

Peter the Great evidently thought more of the water than he did of the land; for he built

into it, bridged over it, until the city has waterways at its doors. The Cathedral of Kazan is very large on the ground with arched rows of pillars something like St. Peter's at Rome. It is rich in silver, gold, and precious stones on the interior. All of the blazing saints can be kissed, and devotees kneel before them in a devout manner. At the gate of this gorgeously decorated temple there stand beggars with outstretched hands, and presuming on their ignorance of English I told them, in passing, to sell some of the jewels and use the proceeds for their charities. The tattered flags of conquest hang on the walls as trophies, and the keys of subdued cities adorn some of the pillars. History is full of war's defeats and conquests.

Friday, the 24th of August.

The day began with a ride on the Nevskoi Prospekt,—the only name of a street that a foreigner could intelligently speak,—and we drove around the Admiralty building, which is a conspicuous landmark. Near it is a small and ornamental park, fresh and gay, with a unique statue of a bust of a celebrated traveler on an irregular piece of granite, with a life-sized camel loaded for his kind of sail in the

desert, carved in marble, suggestive, but out of proportion. We entered St. Isaac's Cathedral, whose dome shines with pure gold, and rows of massive pillars on all four sides. The interior is rich with malachite and lapis lazuli. The statues and saints are adorned with gold, silver, and precious stones. Sacred relics are prized and guarded. In one room women are not allowed to enter, and Dr. Dudley was escorted therein alone. He came out, and did not report any unusual sight or experience. I had a glimpse of a life-sized painting of Christ, which is uncommon, for He is usually represented as a babe, or else in the tomb, with the exception of the Ascension. The architects showed their ability in supporting the dome; and whatever may be done in other planets, mankind has shown in this, the skill of construction and the art of decoration with the rich products of the earth. A ride over bridges and into the suburbs shows the usual variety of architecture and material. In front of the Bourse, which is of Grecian type, the small park was entirely covered with conventional flower beds, like rugs spread upon the ground. The river flows, boats flash up and down, and the whole scene is gay and bright. The name and fame of the

founder, his hut and palace, keep him ever in remembrance ; and his energy and talent have not only started this great city, but are an incentive for its continuance and progress.

Sunday, the 26th of August.

The Cathedral of Alexandre Nevskoi is approached by a walk through the cemetery in which Rubinstein is buried. His "Kamennoi-Ostrow" ("Stone Island," the English translation") was probably written at that place, and the Aria may have been sung to him. The Russian songs are rather weird, though not as much so as one might think. The monuments in the cemetery are very thick, and show care ; for there is a custom of the meeting of relatives and friends at the grave of the deceased on the name day, and partake of refreshments. It certainly does keep the absent in remembrance. It is also more felicitous to keep the christening day than that of one's birth, for the exact age need never be spoken.

The large room of the cathedral has a recumbent statue of Alexandre Nevskoi, before which wax candles are always burning by the worshipers, who kissed the glass, bowed to the floor, kneeling and crossing themselves.

In a chapel there was a choral service, all standing or kneeling, and the voices were musical, the harmony and melody perfect and sweet. There seemed to be a litany from the responses, and at certain times the congregation would be affected to increase their crossing; and their hands would fly fast and often from head to breast, and their knees would bow even to having the forehead touch the floor. Rolls of bread and candles were passed around, evidently for sale. There was a funeral procession; first a white vehicle filled with twigs of spruce and balsam, which were thrown out, one by one, by two persons. Then black-robed priests with swinging censers, some men and women on foot; a carriage, and then the white hearse, the casket covered with white satin, bouquets, wreaths and flowers of all colors; and following were six carriages. It was impressive, and involuntarily, or perhaps the custom, all the men in passing raised their hats. On the way home we met another funeral procession without any of the embellishments — inferentially, one was for the rich, and the other for the poor.

We took a walk, and had a good look at the heroic statue of Catherine the Great, in a small

park. She stands with scepter in hand, with the pose of an empress, the robe ornamented with the symbols of the double-headed eagle. Around her are grouped life-size figures of notable men and one woman who helped to distinguish her progressive reign. Some women are born to rule and reign. Back of the park is a theater, cream and white in color, with pillars and ornaments. On one side is the imperial library with Doric columns and statuary, and all combine to make a noted place and landmark. The masses seem to enjoy all of these parks, which a good government gives to them in all cities.

Monday, the 27th of August.

We started together in a drosky and drove to the residence of Prince Hilkoﬀ, the Minister of Ways and Communications, where Dr. Dudley entered, and I went to the Hermitage, the Art Gallery connected to the Winter Palace by arches. The heroic statues in front upholding only one story seem to make a great effort. On ascending an inclined plane, a man, clothed in red, said the gallery was closed for the summer. Then I replied, "I am an American," and that honored name opened to me the doors

of this distant and elegant collection, and my name is inscribed among the foreigners who can have access during the two months it is closed to the natives. A long flight of stairs leads to the rooms filled with paintings, notably Rembrandts, Teniers and Rubens, vases of malachite, and all the usual collection desirable for study and exhibition. Many copyists were at work, and it is a great gift to be able to live and work among the imperishable names of artistic genius. On the first floor are collections of pottery, coins, gems, and antiques.

Dr. Dudley passed the day in the Potoloff Steel & Locomotive Works, personally conducted. These were built years ago; and the founder, whose life was devoted to them, died soon after their completion and also that of his finances. By his desire he was buried near them, and there is an annual procession of the thousands of workmen to his grave. His mechanical success is immeasurable.

Curiously enough, the present Superintendent learned his trade in Bethlehem, Penn. These works make all kinds of structural and crucible steel, castings of steel and iron for locomotives, small portable railways, armor plate, shafts for steamboats, nickel and tungsten steel, and all

kinds of cast wheel centers for locomotive drivers. The shops are made of old railroad iron in semicircles with a large amount of glass for light. Connected with them is a technical staff, testing every piece of material that is for the government or private enterprise.

Russia is wide awake in machinery and wheat fields, and when the vast country shakes off the lethargy of traditions, as it is slowly doing, the world will become conscious of it.

To visitors it is amusing to see officials wear overcoats in summer weather. They are usually light colored and a handsome garment, and show their possession. The rigors of winter will probably compel more overcoats and thicker padding of the drosky drivers.

Tuesday, the 28th of August.

St. Petersburg, like all large cities, is full of delightful surprises, while riding in the comfortable and convenient drosky. Some of the horses are as perfect as possible, black in color; and on one street is a drive exclusively for the fast horses.

There are many churches of all theologies, artillery schools and military academies, with suggestive cannon in front. After crossing the

Alexander bridge we are in Peterside, where his hut is enclosed for safe keeping, and near is the small palace in which his counsellors met in session. The ride continues around an oval, with trees and flower beds each of a color. The zoölogical gardens are here, and near by is an Academy for cadets. On the bridge is a shrine, which, with all the rest in different parts of the city, keep the members of the Russian national theology constantly occupied in crossing themselves in a rapid manner, raising their hats and moving the lips.

Wednesday, the 29th of August.

The High School for Engineers of Permanent Way of the Government railways occupies two buildings. They test all kinds of material, brick, stone, steel rails, and have the latest apparatus for the latest technical investigations.

There is a chemical laboratory well equipped for research with microscopes, pyrometers, and in five minutes made about a pound of chemically pure iron, from the oxide of iron melted by aluminum borings. It was a new process, and colored glass had to be worn to observe it. They can prepare steel with any proportion of metalloids, for the purpose of studying the structure.

The St. Nicholas railway was started in 1830, and they have works for treating pine ties with chloride of zinc. This process increases the life of the ties, but is not entirely satisfactory, as it softens the wood, and does not prevent internal decay, for the fungus *Lentinus lepideus* Fr. was found in ties just taken out after only six years' service.

Prince Hilkoﬀ told Dr. Dudley that he desired him to see everything of engineering interest, and sent his nephew to escort him to railway shops, see tracks, and furnished a hand-car for convenience to note all the details of ties and construction. It may be interesting to readers to know that the Prince "learned his trade" and worked three years in locomotive shops in Philadelphia, and they call him the "Yankee railroad man," a sobriquet that explains his progressive ideas. His technical and practical education have placed him at the head of one of the most important commercial and civilized industries of his country.

Thursday, the 30th of August.

The gallery of modern painting and sculpture is an attractive place. The walk through the little park in front, with flower beds and a pile

of sand for the children, is a prologue of nature to the chapter of pictures. It belongs to the people, for it is open every day from both sides. These are some of the objects that have left an impression, with the names that would seem to express them, as I did not have a catalogue — the martyr, the prayer for the cup to pass, a portrait, two ocean views, one snowy mountain, and a unique last supper with conventional table cover.

The statuary is also attractive ; and one piece, called " Learning to Walk," would be a suitable companion to the forced prayer. A statue of Catherine the Great gives an opportunity to study the details of features and the character they represent.

Friday, the 31st of August.

We went to the Moscow Station, and not only saw many passengers come and go, but noted the colors of the cars, — first class, blue; second class, green; and third class, yellow. On our way to St. Petersburg we had seen on a siding the imperial train of many cars, all blue of course, so that the Czar and his family are added to the list of those who travel first class.

With the proper permits we passed out on

the track, took photographs of cars and locomotives. When we mentioned as a motive for our performances, the word "Americans," they seemed pleased, and it probably expressed to them the reason for our aggressive actions.

The Mining School is of Greek architecture, on the bank of the river Neva, and to-day was filled with twelve hundred applicants for the examination for eighty places. Years ago pupils were paid for taking the course, but progress has changed that order. The museum was closed to visitors, but Prince Hilkoﬀ had arranged for us to see its treasures; and his nephew escorted us, and we were introduced to the Curator, who explained in perfect Russian the valuable exhibits, and he loved his specimens. Many of them are seen in all museums, — saurian reptiles, crinoids, stigmata, sigillaria, lepidodendron, etc. The piece of Siberian gold worth twenty thousand dollars was in a locked cabinet, and opened for us, and also many other valuable specimens.

Reposing on a velvet cushion, under glass, was a green beryl, valued at twenty-five thousand dollars, and it weighed about five pounds. One of the chryso-beryls is emerald green by daylight, and lilac-colored by candle-light.

There were also a rare mineral called petzite, a large mass of native copper, and a monster topaz crystal of a yellowish brown hue, another of a blue color, and a piece of malachite weighing a ton. In one room there were models of all kinds; and one was of the iron works that made the iron palm exhibited in the Columbian Exposition of 1893, and it greeted me here like an acquaintance as I remembered seeing it, and wondered at the skill of forming fan palm-leaves of old iron rails. An artificial mine is under the building, into which we entered carrying lighted candles and following our guide in the darkness. In this it is shown how coal, lead, gold, silver, iron, copper, platinum, zinc, and all the mining products of earth are found and worked.

It is about a half-mile long, and has an air-shaft, car to be loaded, and all things necessary for mining work. In passing among the applicants, I thought of good old Master Treborius, for there may be great men before us, among the eighty successful candidates.

Saturday, the 1st of September.

The royal carriages, harnesses, saddles, sleighs, might as well be called bric-a-brac, or ob-





Winter Palace and the Golden Dome of the Cathedral of St. Isaac, St. Petersburg.

jects of virtu; for as a means of conveyance they are of no use in the building where they are on exhibition. Many of them were presents from other governments, and as rich and handsome as material could furnish; and all were of gold, silver, gems, silk, and velvet.

A reminder of the years that are passed is the primitive vehicle made and used by Peter the Great; and in passing will add here that, if there is anything he left undone, Catherine the Great finished it.

Two gruesome carriages among these elegancies were the ruins of the one in which Alexander II. was killed, and the other which conveyed his remains to his palace; and in sight of this building is the church in process of erection, covered with staging, where he fell down, mortally wounded by the bomb of an anarchist.

The walls of the rooms are covered with rare tapestries, and it does not at all seem like a carriage house.

Monday, the 3d of September.

The Winter Palace, on the river Neva, is a large, reddish-brown stone building, with a court fitted and furnished with all that money and material could do. The entrance for

visitors is through the Hermitage on the second floor; and the conservatory and flowers suggest the hanging gardens of Biblical history. Paintings of historical interest of persons and battles, statuary of the rulers of this empire, show the honor and pride in which they are regarded. The rooms of those who have passed away from all this earthly grandeur are now as they left them, even to the bouquets, money, brushes, combs, papers, pens, books, and all that made up the necessities of busy and useful men and women. Such care as this of material, helps to make history, for those who follow them will be kept in touch with the manners of past years; and the influence of these touching articles cannot be overlooked. Even the couches and beds on which monarchs have died are shown, as reminders of the unbidden and unwelcome guest who enters all houses at a more royal pleasure than any of those of earthly power. In alcoves are easy-chairs for those who desire to see the parades in the open space for that purpose.

The chapel was still fragrant with incense, and the relics shown are gratifying and real to the exhibitors; — some visitors might not agree with them.

The rooms in the palace are of all sizes and shapes, and the ingenuity of the architects must have been stimulated by the requirements. To be ruler not only of this palace with its thousands of servants, and many others in royal cities and in the country, beside millions of people, is to be born into a heritage that is so stupendous as to be overwhelming in thought and action. And all those who have done aright have used all the talents committed to their charge.

We took a drosky to visit an American industry; and while it seemed natural in the well-fitted office, yet a look around showed the difference, for the workmen are not like those in the United States. It is not necessary they should be, for they are suited to their heredity and environment. A shrine in nearly every room is a novelty, and brings the supernatural into strong contrast with the practical. It was gratifying to see that our country on its first quarter of a second century is establishing industries in foreign lands, with all the drawbacks of difference in language and habits. To me it seems as if our advances under all these difficulties were more apparent than real.

PETERHOF, A FANTASIA OF WATER.

Tuesday, the 4th of September.

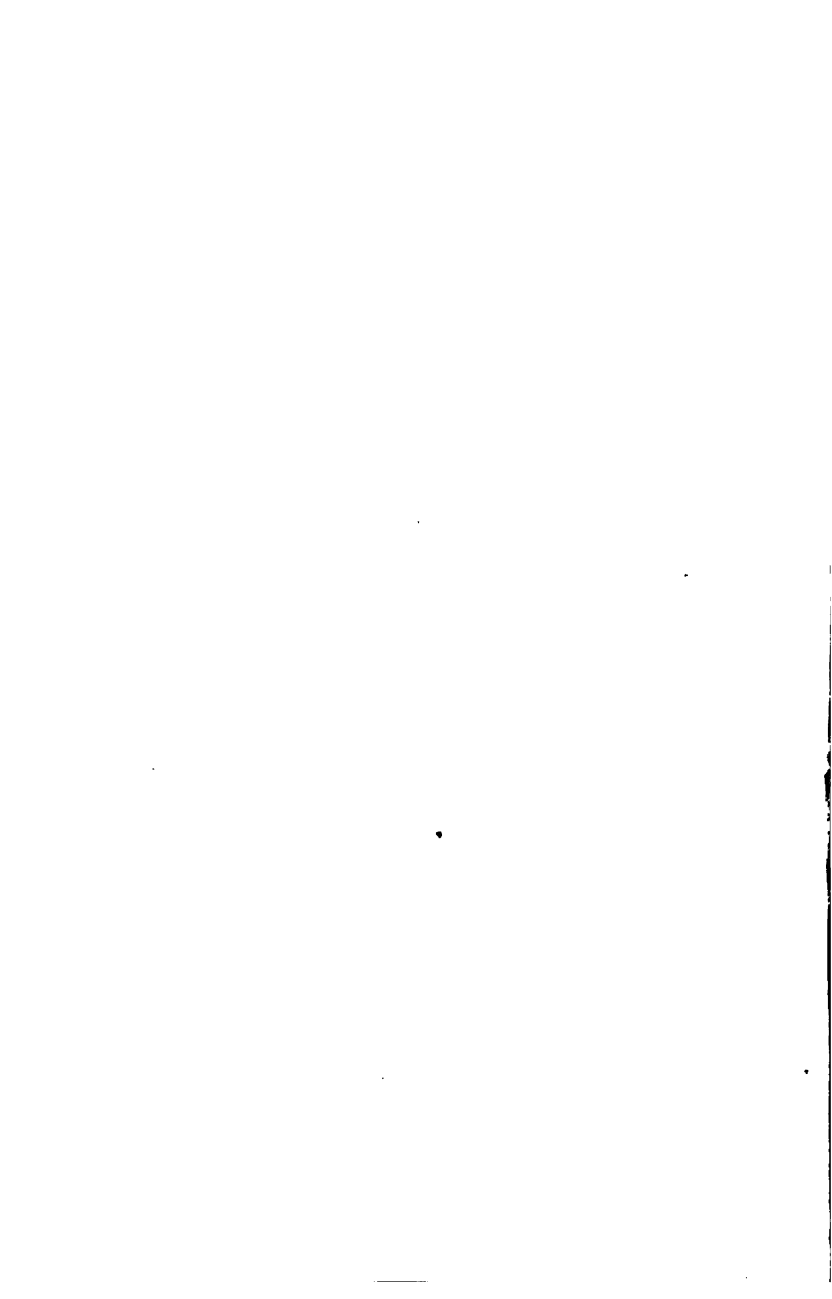
A drosky ride to a steamboat-landing on the river Neva, and the little steamer passes armored ships, dry docks, School of Mines, buoys, signal stations, until the width of the river precludes seeing only the land line, and that finally vanishes,

At Peterhof the parks, fountains, palaces, and chapels show that money has been spent as freely as the water that flows in all directions and heights. The large palace, of old-gold color, typifying the lavish expenditure, has rooms furnished in all colors, with the richest materials: artistic frescoes, damask-covered walls, elaborate chandeliers, and all those things that show forth the richness and variety of manufactures and art, and this word in its real sense as the best way of doing the work. One room of gilt and mirrors reflected itself indefinitely; and yearly the officials of St. Petersburg are entertained in it.

Another room looked upon the flower beds, now in full bloom, with fountains, trees, walks, and seats; and curiously enough, this palace, like many others, is really the enjoyment of



A Drosky Ride in Peterhof.



those who take care of it, and particularly those who show it to visitors. The chapel adjoined, and what these people never forget, the outward crossing-sign of the intangible life.

A drive through this large and magnificent park showed palaces of all sizes and kinds for the different members of the royal family and their attendants; and around one was a garden of bloom, without a sign of walk, and hardly of leaf, — an exquisite floral picture.

The ingenuity of the designs of the fountains was as attractive as their beauty: water running down golden stairs, rippling inside a Doric arcade, shooting out of pipes into the air, rushing over marble statues, running out of the mouths of the fishes of the sea. Beside the heroic fountain in front of the largest palace, of a gilded figure pouring out water; while upon many steps gilded statuâry threw water in all directions, and a large jet blowing in the air was illumined by a rainbow. The vista from this point showed the sea, with avenues and fountains on each side. Water obeys its master, and performs wonders of attraction and grace.

The Palace of Peter is still in good order,

and plain in all of its arrangements. He gave a solid foundation to his country, on which his heirs can build and adorn. Comparisons are made by visitors to this place with Versailles, but both have been built and enriched from a royal treasury.

The most unique statue of Peter the Great stands on the banks of the river in his city. He is on a rearing horse on a block of stone in a natural state, and one foot of the animal is crushing the head of a snake. It is admired by all in every way.



Peterhof, a Majesty of Art.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EMPIRE OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY,— GERMANY.

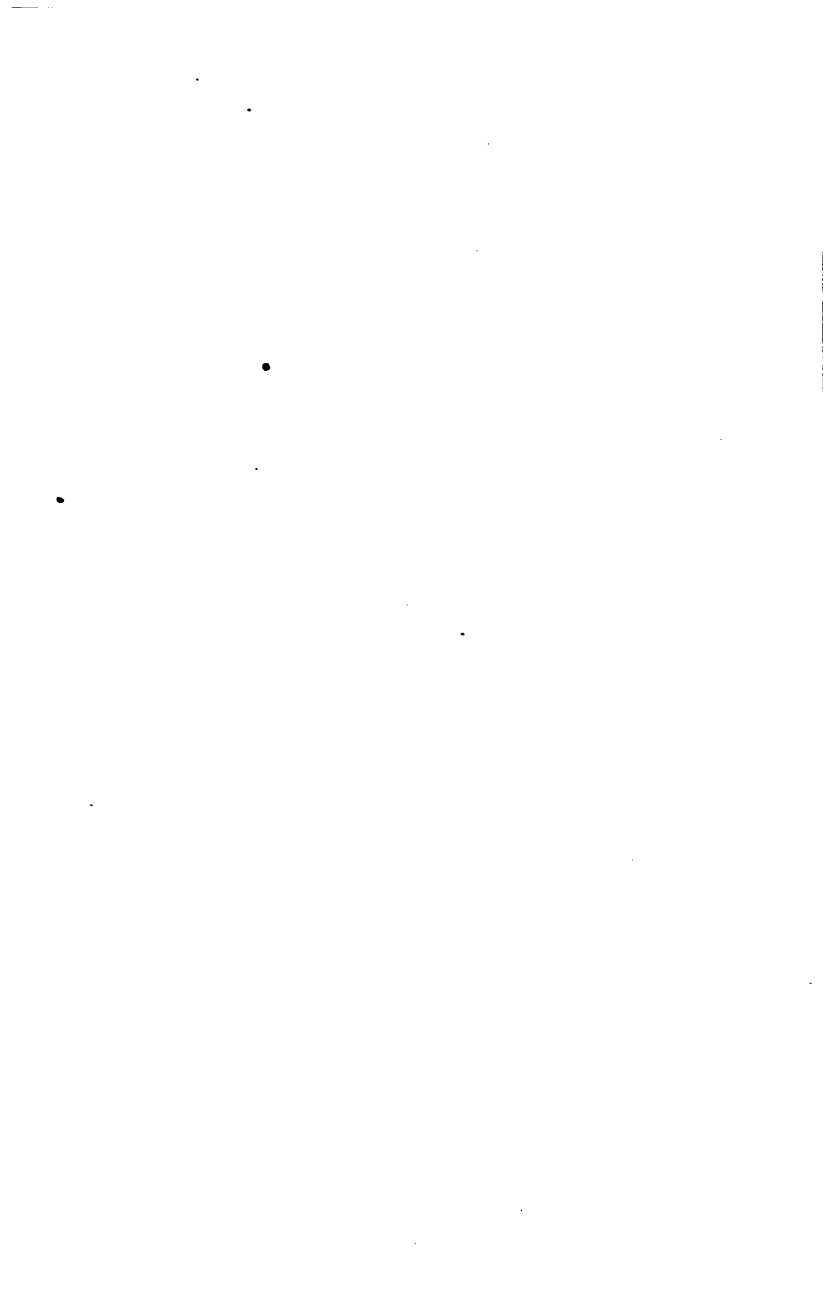
Wednesday, the 5th of September.

THE ride from St. Petersburg to the frontier is uninteresting, unless one contrasts that country with Germany. In Russia the trees are cut down, acres of wood, ready to burn, leaving a waste place. There are miles of uncultivated land, and hovels for houses of the peasants. Then the necessity of a passport is a bar to travel and commerce. As soon as the frontier is crossed, in an instant all is changed. Trees are cut, but others are planted, every foot of ground is cultivated, hedges and good houses show the taste and thrift of the people. Thousands of acres are planted with beets, and manufactories for their conversion into sugar are frequent. The railroad towns are large and thriving, and passengers are free to go and come. Steam farming implements are in use, and the ride from the frontier interesting and

delightful in itself, and not as a study of contrast. The awakening of young Russia is more apparent than real, for it is hampered by technique, passports, and the requirements of the army.

BERLIN, *Friday, the 7th of September.*

A walk on the arboreal named street in Berlin shows rows of small trees, shops, the convenient omnibus and the ordinary sights of a large city. The wealth, luxury, and royalty are clustered together, and palaces, art galleries, museums, churches, and statues are all neighbors, and of course in good company. We entered the royal palace, and waited for the guide to collect enough of a party on whom to inflict his information, which was necessary, though many paintings and decorations and statuary introduced themselves to those who had read. The white room is the most attractive; and the chapel has an ornamental dome, an imposing feature in architecture. The felt slippers in which we shuffled around were useful to us on the polished floors, and to the servants who would be saved sweeping. The ascent for two stories was by an inclined plane, the only time I ever saw one on the interior in place of stairs. It seems very strange that cer-





The Reichstag, from the Monument in the Way of Honor, Berlin.

tain families in the different countries are set apart for riches and power.

THE CATHEDRALLESS CITY.

We took a ride around the "Nordbahn," which is a necessity to residents. Sometimes it was elevated, at others on a level, and at all times every joint could be counted and felt. Dogs were allowed with members of their family in first-class compartments. The views were changeable, — trees, houses, manufactures, railroad crossings, bridges, gardens, parks, and the variety of city and country. The willingness of officials and employees to assist is as agreeable as it might be rare, but is not, and I take pleasure in recording here the universal cordiality and assistance at all times given to us by those with whom we were obliged to come in contact by all modes of travel. The electric cars run through the Thiergarten, past handsome houses, the Flora and the old palace, to Charlottenburg, and it is a delightful ride. A walk through the "Way of Honor" is entertaining by the ideal persons carved in white marble, all thought to be ancestors of the present emperor, and that may account for his versatility. The tall and imposing "Denkmal" is a tribute to those who

gave their lives for their country. How much better it might have been if they had lived instead of died for it. The shops on Sunday are closed in the morning in respect of the day, but some of them were opened in the afternoon. Russia has solved the question by being obliged to have one day of rest in seven, and as the majority keep Sunday that day has been selected. Like the Old-School Presbyterians, they commence on Saturday evening with their most elaborate service.

Monday, the 10th of September.

The ride from Berlin to Potsdam shows the wealth of the suburbs, and beyond them the cultivation of the soil by well-kept farms; one had the striking surroundings of trees trimmed in fancy forms, — dogs, horses, camels, elephants, — so that there was no mistake while they were outlined against the sky as we flashed by them.

Manufactories were plenty, and the prosperity of Germany is apparent. Women work in the fields, and so do occasional cows. The towns look flourishing, the railway stations are large, and the restaurants are well enough. A distant view of the Harz Mountains changed the sky line from a valley level, and relieved the

monotony, although the varying forestry was so pleasing as to prevent a view of sameness.

Düsseldorf was reached in the evening, and its name calls to remembrance its art galleries and the flower beds and general appearance of culture. The ride to Cologne passed iron manufactories, which show the resources of the country.

The cathedral is in view from the large and convenient station, and its two spires and Gothic architecture place it among the chief of these matchless buildings. And right here we start up the Rhine, a ride of history, tradition, and beauty. Castles in all stages of ruins, hills of all heights, open and closed vistas, and clustered villages, always with a spire.

Before taking this ride, it was a vision; afterward was it a realization, or disappointment? For beauty alone it does not surpass the Hudson River, with its elegant residences, hills, and trees, towns even to Lake George. And its history in the war of the Revolution helped to give freedom and a republic to civilization. So that in many ways a ride up the Hudson River is equal to a ride up the Rhine. (Q. E. D.)

At Mayence I saw on a hotel an American flag, and upon inquiring about this rare occur-

rence, found that a party of tourists was expected. A welcome courtesy which I know will be received with cheers. From here we went down the Rhine to Bingen, celebrated in poetry and history.

And it is a charming place,— markets in the open, a view of the hills and vines, and with a monument that seems to be of more account to the people than the scenery.

Little steamers loaded with people come and go, and the variety of the whole scene is enchanting. Among the flower beds I found the white-lined sphinx, the Io moth, and the *Papilio troilus*.

Wednesday, the 12th of September.

We left Bingen on the Rhine by an express train with a restaurant “wagon,” which is a great convenience to Americans, though rather awkward to go and come from it at stations. The food was good and well served, and the ride was pleasant in every way. If any one has an idea of an ideal house-boat ride, he ought to take it in the canal along the line of this railroad. Miles of it were bordered with large trees, and it was as ornamental as a park. The boats are very long, and we passed them quite often, so that the traffic must be of ac-

count, though I could never see with what they were loaded.

The soil in many places showed traces of iron, the hillsides were covered with vines, arbors were covered and connected to trees by vines, and the effect was gratifying to the flying passengers. The cars in stations are not shifted; the trains run into the sheds one way, and start out another, so that in the ride from Bingen to Paris we changed around five times. I cannot record that the cars are clean; even the first class in which we always traveled were neglected. When I think of the care and cleaning, shaking of cushions, washing and polishing, such railroads as the New York Central and Boston & Albany give their passenger cars, starting them from terminals as clean as possible, the accumulated dirt of foreign cars is in striking contrast.

At Pagny we were made conscious of a border state; our carriage doors were opened, a guard came in and took our bags, and we followed him into a large room, where we are asked to declare, which we can always do with a negative. For our trip is not for purchases, but for research and observation, and so far those have not been considered dutiable. Some passengers

open their bags ; but the officials have taken our word, and we have marched back again, having the exercise, and paying the guard for his courtesy in carrying the baggage.



Master of Science.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NATION OF THE ROYAL REPUBLIC.

PARIS, *Thursday, the 13th of September.*

Paris is in the throes of an exposition with tourists from all over the world, and its desire to obtain from them all that is possible, as evidenced by tariffs headed by "Exposition prices." To take in strangers and do them is not a *no-blesse oblige* motto for 1900, but it may be a financial success.

The city is itself, with the addition, as seen from my windows, of the Exposition buildings, the captive balloons, and at night the lighted Tour and wheel.

PARIS THE CITY OF THE GILDED DOME.

Saturday, the 15th of September.

The entrance in front of the Hôtel des Invalides is very ornate with some sublime totem poles ; and the Beaux Arts buildings are classic, and have the appearance of stability. The moving sidewalk is a convenience, though not

much patronized, desirable as it is for the diverse views. The exhibits, one can say in passing, are all in diverse places, with a French method. There are places of rare beauty and admiration, — for instance, the large fountain, the really grand and wonderful "Tour of 300 metres," with an illusory Mont Blanc before us, and the globe of the world at one side, all make up a magnificent spectacle, including all the restaurants, with people eating and drinking. This Exposition of 1900 is characteristic of the city and nation.

Sunday, the 16th of September.

We went to Trinity Church to hear the organist, and of course the service. The house was full of worshipers. In front was a fountain with the three statues which represent what "abideth," and the Charity of them was illustrated practically by seats on which were women with young children enjoying the air, sunshine, and flowers.

The ride along the boulevards shows the people to be in harmony with the sidewalks, and the small trees are mostly sycamores. Transit is hampered, not only by the word *complet*, but by the necessity of having a num-

bered ticket when changing cars. Fancy New York under the discomfort of such arrangements.

Monday, the 17th of September.

A second visit to the Exposition included the National buildings, among which that of Italy is as pretty as a picture. It is a supposable case that they are all types, but what that of the United States may represent does not leave any impression ; it has a dome, which is always desirable.

The largest telescope in the world is in the Optical building, — admission extra, thirty cents, — surrounded by ridiculous side-shows of optical delusions, and they detract from the dignity of the long tube. The largest locomotive is in a cellar, and among great instruments of precision, which revolve noiselessly on stages. Huge cranes and other machines for heavy work show as much care and skill in manufacture as the finest watch. Man cannot see as far as birds and animals, but he can make instruments that bring thousands of miles in view. He cannot run like a deer, or fly like a bird, but he constructs locomotives that can outrun them. He cannot carry the weight of elephants, but he builds carriages in which they

can ride. "What a piece of work is a man,—in comprehension how like a god!"

The weather is very warm, and nearly all the people who are in the grounds talk French, and wherever there is a crowd it is around a booth of souvenirs. The ride on the Seine gives a contrasting view of old Paris with the modern National buildings.

Tuesday, the 18th of September.

The objective point of our trip in 1900 is the International Railway Congress, which opens to-day with the registry of delegates from all the railways of the world. The men are fine-looking and intelligent, and in different manners, dress, and language show forth the character, ability, and personality that have sent them here to represent the greatest civilizer in the world—the railroad. It is commerce, manufacture, and agriculture. The first question asked or information given is, "How near is a railroad station?" to any enterprise. Discussions in the different sections will develop diverse views, and from them will come the art of railroads.

Many invitations are given, and the delegates choose according to their desire. Among them walk those with a red fez,—Japanese in English attire, and I judge understanding French,—

perhaps like natives of Japan as we do of the United States. For exhibition there are some large photographs of the giant locomotives and long freight and passenger trains, on perfect tracks in America, which seem to some of the delegates so imposing and powerful as to be almost impossible.

Thursday, the 20th of September.

In the world of the Louvre among the beauties with which dead hands and skilled brains have enriched the world for all time. That extensive palace with its contents is an artistic schoolhouse for all those who are gifted enough to attend. And as I noted the copyists, both male and female, I thought how strange it was to see them at work among those finished products, with their eyes always on the pattern, absorbed and enjoying the evolution under their brushes from the inspiring subject. Painting and sculpture have that advantage over instrumental and vocal music, though a voice may influence the unseen, as much as pictures and statues the visible eye. The world is ruled by the intangible, — shades of love and hate, ambition, revenge, and the whole scale of emotion, diminished and augmented, flat and sharp.

The charming work of Murillo was being copied, and it suggested to me the keeping of the feast of the Assumption in Vienna; and in thirteen days after, the same day was observed in St. Petersburg according to the Russian calendar.

**THE INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY CONGRESS. SIXTH
SESSION.**

Friday the 21st of September.

In the Palais de Congress in the grounds of the Exposition at the morning session, Dr. P. H. Dudley, Reporter for the United States, "On the Nature of Metal for Rails," read the conclusions of his paper in French. A general discussion followed, and many delegates coincided with the reporter on the use of high grades of steel, in sections of stiff forms.

The weather is pleasant, also the people in the Exposition grounds and buildings. The unceasing noise of the moving sidewalk and the electric cars do not at all compare in convenience and entertainment of the rides on the intra-mural at Chicago in 1893. The captive balloons rise and fall, also the lifts in the Tour Eiffel; the fountains splash; and soon this Exposition, with its glare and glitter, illumina-



Symbol of Esteem Between Two Republics, Paris.

tions, illusions and delusions, will be past, and history will record its proper place.

The Swiss village is another extra, and has a restaurant. The Norway building has an exhibition of the midnight sun and a winter scene. Bicycles and automobiles nearly fill a large building. The exhibits from neighboring countries are of the best. Shrubbery and plants are labeled, and an evident effort has been made to have the affair attractive. The grounds are fairyland at night when illuminated; the wheel and the Tour and all the company of buildings, with flashlights and searchlights, and dazzling fountains, all make Aladdin's lamp merely a candle in the brilliancy of this century of electricity.

Saturday, the 22d of September.

We took a boat and steamed up the Seine to the Quai Austerlitz to see the "Sud Express," which has a record of four hundred and eighty-nine and three-fourths miles in eight hours and fifty-nine minutes, including six stops, average speed fifty-four and thirteen-hundredths miles per hour. The train comes by an electric motor from the Station Quai d'Orsay, and at this place a steam locomotive is attached, with a pony truck, and a pair of trailing wheels behind

two pairs of drivers. The train consisted of one small baggage, two "wagons lits," and a restaurant car, the four about one hundred and eighty feet in length, and a short trailing car for the guards. Total weight about one hundred and eighty tons.

In comparison with its predecessor, the "Empire State Express," its four cars are three hundred and twenty feet, and total weight two hundred and forty tons. In contrast with the imposing, well-kept engines of the Empire, this one on the Sud Express or Orleans Railway, had a brass instead of a Russia iron jacket, and was covered with oil and dirt.

BELOW THE MADDING CROWD.

We descended into the underground railway, and rode to one of its terminals. There are three cars in a train; the first class had two compartments, one of them defended from fumeur, but not from the fumes in the tunnel and its disinfectants. The white tiles looked bright and clean, and their beveled edges seemed to give more light. The stops at stations were less than a minute. The ride is not pleasant, but it may help to solve the problem of any kind of transit in cities; though it must be annoying to

see "complet" trains passing, as it would be easier to stand inside and go, than to be on the street corner waiting for a seat.

Monday, the 24th of September.

The President of the Republic of France, like Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales in 1895, appreciates the meeting of the International Railway Congress here at this time, and gave a reception to the delegates in the Elysée Palace.

It was generally attended, and the gracious speeches exchanged showed the peace and good will that is the ultimate result of railroads. It is with pride that I record here that the American delegation consists of fine-looking gentlemen, of dignified carriage and agreeable manners. They honorably represent not only their respective railroads, but their Republic, and deserve in every way the recognition and commendation their ability has received; they have been true to themselves and the industry and country they represent.

CHANTILLY, Tuesday, the 25th of September.

The officials of the railways of France gave to the Reporters, Delegates, and members of their

families an excursion to the forest and palace of Chantilly. Special trains were provided, and the voyagers were grouped in colors; the first to arrive and start were guided by blue ribbons. It was an elderly game of "follow my leader," and quite convenient. Carriages were furnished for the ladies, the walk from the station to the park rather long, in conjunction with the saunter through the avenues of trees and the tour of the palaces. There is a variety of evergreens, chestnuts, beeches, and large sycamores were trimmed to show long vistas with statuary and palaces in the distance.

It is an instructive thought that, in the years that have passed, men and women have been as appreciative of beauty and situation as those of to-day. The capabilities of land, water, and trees for effects in landscape gardening have been utilized to such an extent that we study and copy them for the benefit and instruction of new countries and ambitious cities.

The charm of this park is indescribable. The trees, flowers, conventional beds of shades of green, like those at Vienna, the views from every point are of a quiet and restful beauty, entirely different from the brilliance of Ver-

sailles and Peterhof. The palace is well filled with works of art, notably a Corot, Madonna, and Greuze among the old masters. Cabinets of china, furniture, statuary, and books are here for students to enjoy and copy. So that, as the centuries roll away, this land and property that may have been taken from the use of many people, has come to them again enriched by those who had the nine points of the law of possession.

After following our leaders of many colors, we were entertained with a lunch under a large marquee — fruit and flowers, tea, *l'eau de citron*, etc. The American contingency present their sincere thanks for the entertainment so graciously and courteously given, and gratefully received.

Wednesday, the 26th of September.

We went to the Railway Congress and after the session to the Exposition, and walked along the streets of old Paris, with a good view of the opposite modern buildings, and then went up to the Trocadero. From here, among the roses, over the bridge, the "Tour," the white ornate buildings, and the large fountain, the spectacle was dazzling and enchanting. The water dashed over the rocks and down the

stairs of the Trocadero ; bands and instruments could be heard near and far, and the people looked happy and contented. Those who were not at the World's Columbian Exposition did not know that this did not and could not, from its confined situation, at all equal the magnificent white city on the banks of Lake Michigan. We took the "Trans-Siberian" trip, and rode in this *train de luxe* by invitation of the company from Moscow to Irkutsk by optical delusion and illusion, which was arranged by three sets of motion of the panorama. My last view of the Exposition was flooded by sunshine ; and the ride to our hotel passed the building with two American financial names.

The machinery and railway exhibit at Vincennes consisted of types of permanent way of the French railways, locomotives, and cars from the Continental countries. The rails were heavier and stiffer than was thought necessary at the meeting of the International Railway Congress in London.

The French locomotives were of the type of the "Sud Express," and those of the Continent were complicated in contrast to those on exhibition from the United States.

Wednesday Evening, the 26th of September.

The officials of the railways of France gave a dinner to the Reporters and Delegates to the International Railway Congress, under a tent in the Tuileries Gardens, which had been erected for the entertainment of the Mayors. The President, M. Loubet, made the speech of welcome, and the President of the Board of Public Works replied. The menu was good, including ten glasses at each cover. More important than this was the attention and appreciation given to the visitors from all the railways of the world.

In entertaining two young ladies, they said they "could speak English but not American"!!

CHAPTER X.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Thursday, the 27th of September.

WE left Paris on a pleasant morning, passing through Chantilly, where we had been so delightfully entertained ; and during our ride saw apple-trees, red cattle, and cultivated fields. The passage through the towns was always where they could not be seen, and trains could run at full speed through the stations.

In leaving the Continent, the retrospect shows all the countries in their difference : vines and olives of Italy, hedges and gardens of England, forests of Germany, mountains of Switzerland, the waste lands and sparse towns of Russia ; so that it is easy to locate the landscapes as seen from car windows. At Calais the weather had changed : it was cooler, cloudy, and a prospect of rain, which was fulfilled by a rough and rainy passage. The passengers conducted themselves to correspond with the high waves and rolling ship, in short, they were sea-sick.





Three Lions, London.

The landing was almost perilous. The trip to London was delayed for hours, but the good hotel and dinner in the English language once more compensated for the discomforts.

Friday, the 28th of September.

We had never before stopped so far down town, and it was pleasant to walk on the embankment with all the surroundings of interest and history. A ride through Regent Street and Oxford Street and beyond, shows this large and active city, which is said to contain everything the world can furnish. The National Museum with its uncountable wealth and the monument make Trafalgar Square a noted place.

One reason why it is easy to go alone through cities is, that they all have so many landmarks, like this in London, or Hyde Park Corner, the Admiralty in St. Petersburg, at one terminus of the Nevskoi Prospekt, the Unter den Linden in Berlin, the Via Corso in Rome, the Dome and Palace in Florence, the Notre Dame and Opera House in Paris, the Ring in Vienna, the Castle and Palace and Monument and Hill in Edinburgh, and the Rialto and Square of St. Mark's in Venice.

Friday, the 28th of September.

We took the train at Waterloo Station for Southampton, and the scenery is pure and modern English. On arrival we heard that the steamship New York had cracked the thrust shaft of the propeller, and the hour of sailing was deferred. Saturday morning we saw the ship in the largest graving-dock in the world; its opening we had witnessed in 1895. It looked very imposing nearly all exposed, and workmen were busy to make it ready for its voyage of a week, with a large passenger list, loads of mail, and all kinds of merchandise.

In the afternoon we took an electric, and rode through an arch built by the Romans, past parks and pleasant looking homes. It is remarkable to see in nearly all countries the works and ruins of the Romans, and their history when it was the mistress of the world, and they have left noble monuments of their skill and ability in church and state.

Sunday, the 30th of September.

We went to the Holy Rood Church, a gray stone building with the bells rung by iron men with clappers in their hands. The service was choral, and the sermon, on "Thy will be done,"



The Namesake of the Metropolis of the United States. In the Graving Dock, Southampton, England.



evidently one of a series. We were given a front seat and enjoyed this last day on land. In the evening we were taken to the ship by a special train; and as it rained, awnings were put up so that we walked dry-shod into our outside stateroom, ready for a week of life, or existence rather, at sea.

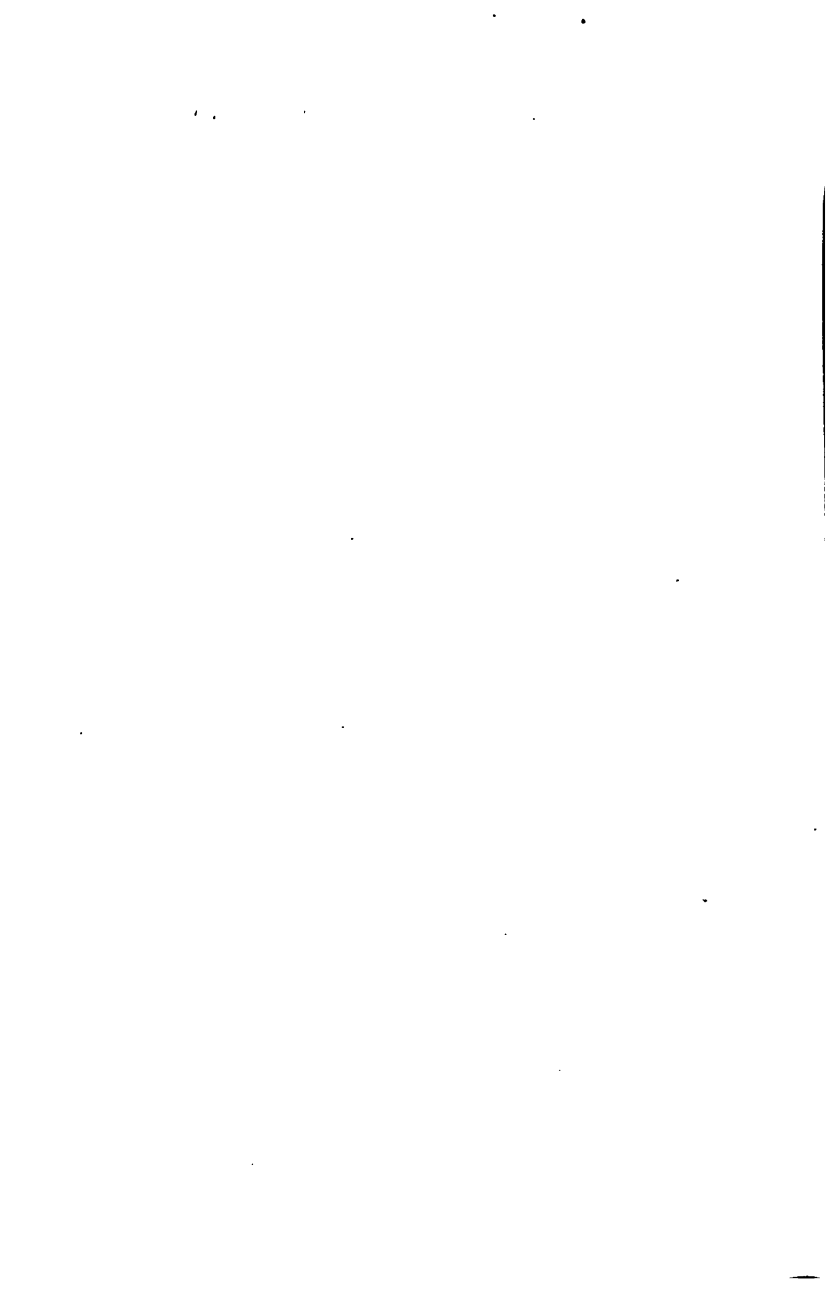
Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, the ship left the dock, and sailed across to Cherbourg after the hundreds of passengers who had been waiting there for two days. They came on board from a lighter and then the New York started for its namesake city. A day or so of pleasant weather, and then there were storms and quite high winds enough to disturb many of the passengers. The library is well patronized and a great convenience, saving the carrying of books, which added to the requirements of personal baggage, of rugs, waterproofs, oftentimes makes a formidable load. If the time and the steamship company ever arrive together, meals will be served by card, steamer chairs will be a part of the furniture of the ship. Why stop at them — why not require beds, spoons, dishes, etc.? Suppose the parlor-car officials required passengers to take their chairs instead of providing luxurious seats

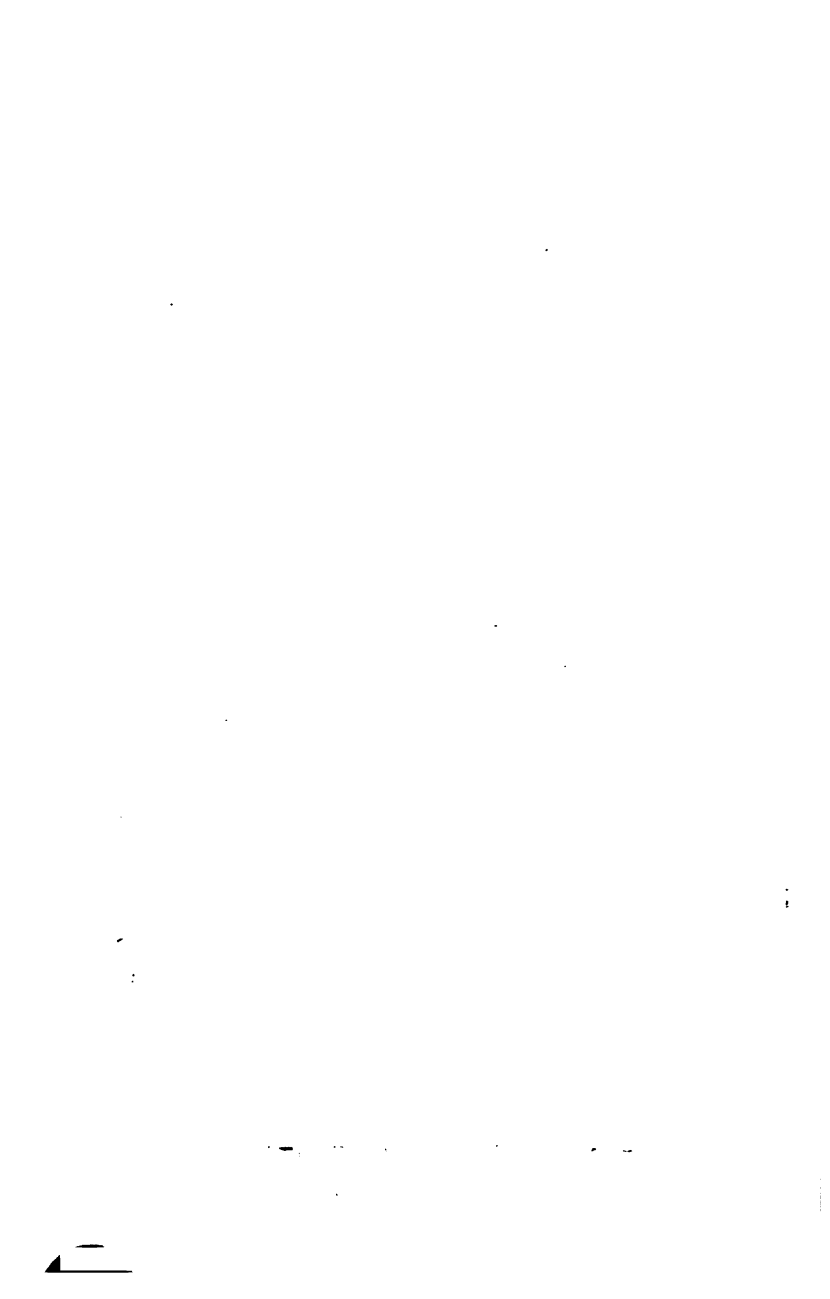
as they do. Sea and foreign travel are hard enough with all the differences of language and habits without the ships of an American line at least, adopting methods more in accordance with modern and considerate ideas.

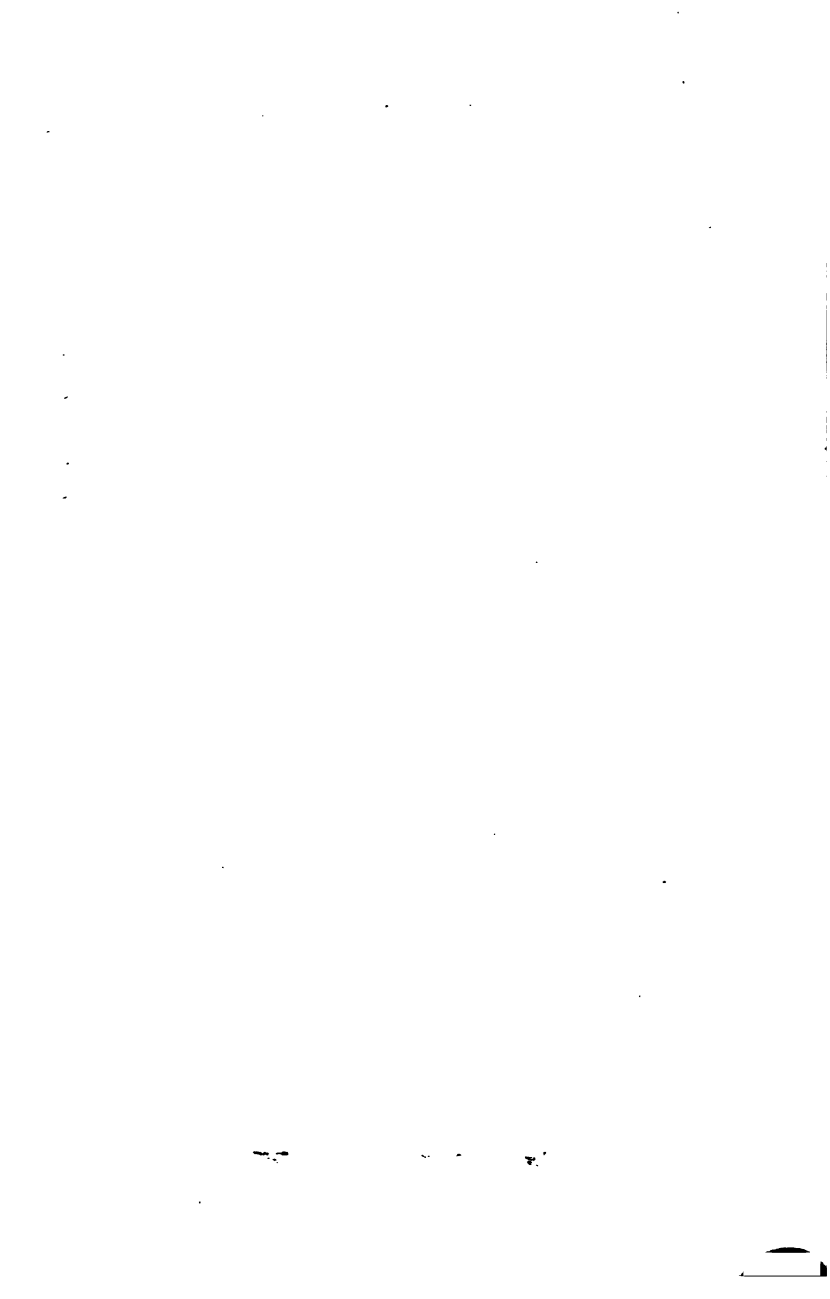
The Purser read the service on Sunday, an offertory was taken, and everyone had the satisfied look of having done duty. The concert for some reason was not inflicted. Fog delayed, and everyone groaned in spirit to hear the horns blow.

At last, Monday afternoon, the 8th of October, we landed at the dock in New York, greeted and welcomed by my niece Anne and my nephews Bronson and Hubbard, whose smiling faces and cheering actions spoke to us that it was well with everybody and everything.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that there is no better heritage than to be born, reared, and educated in the temperate zone of the United States of North America.

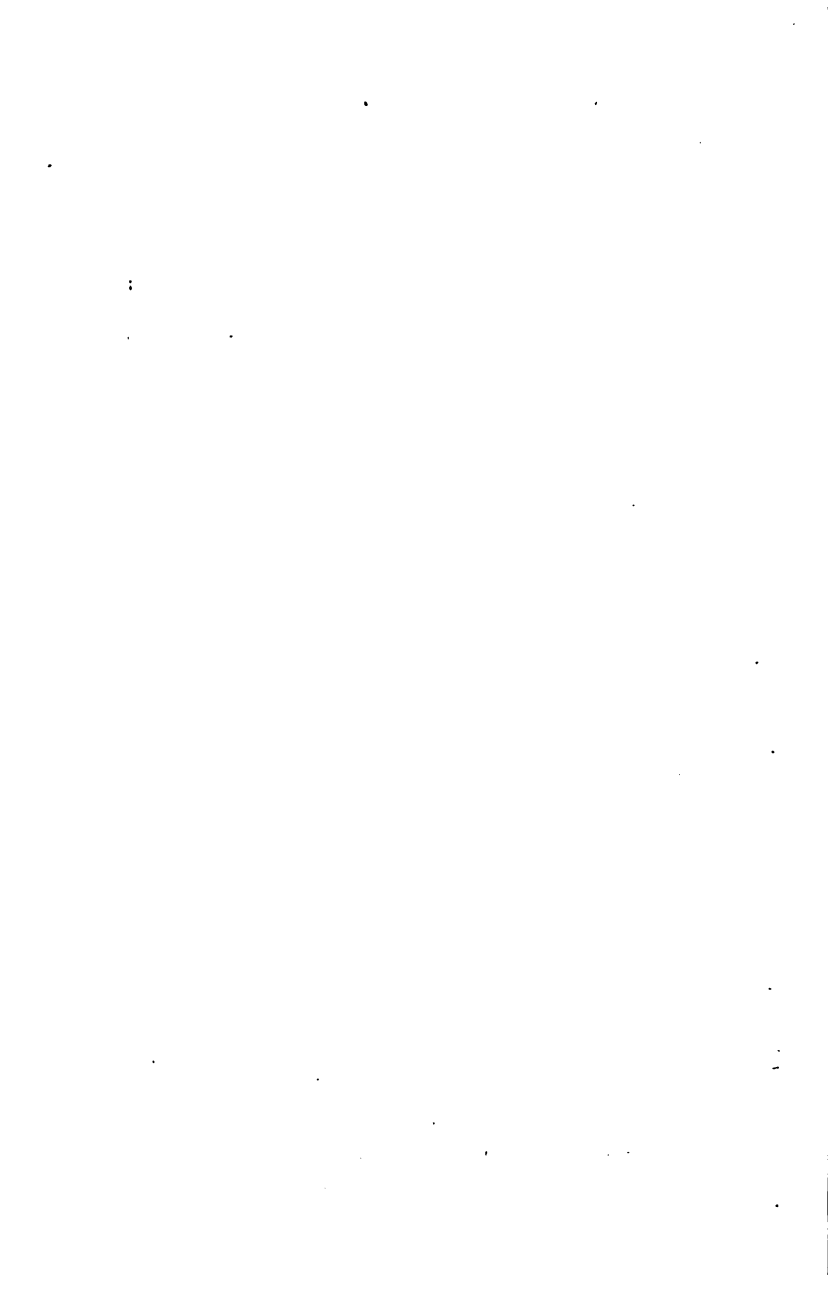


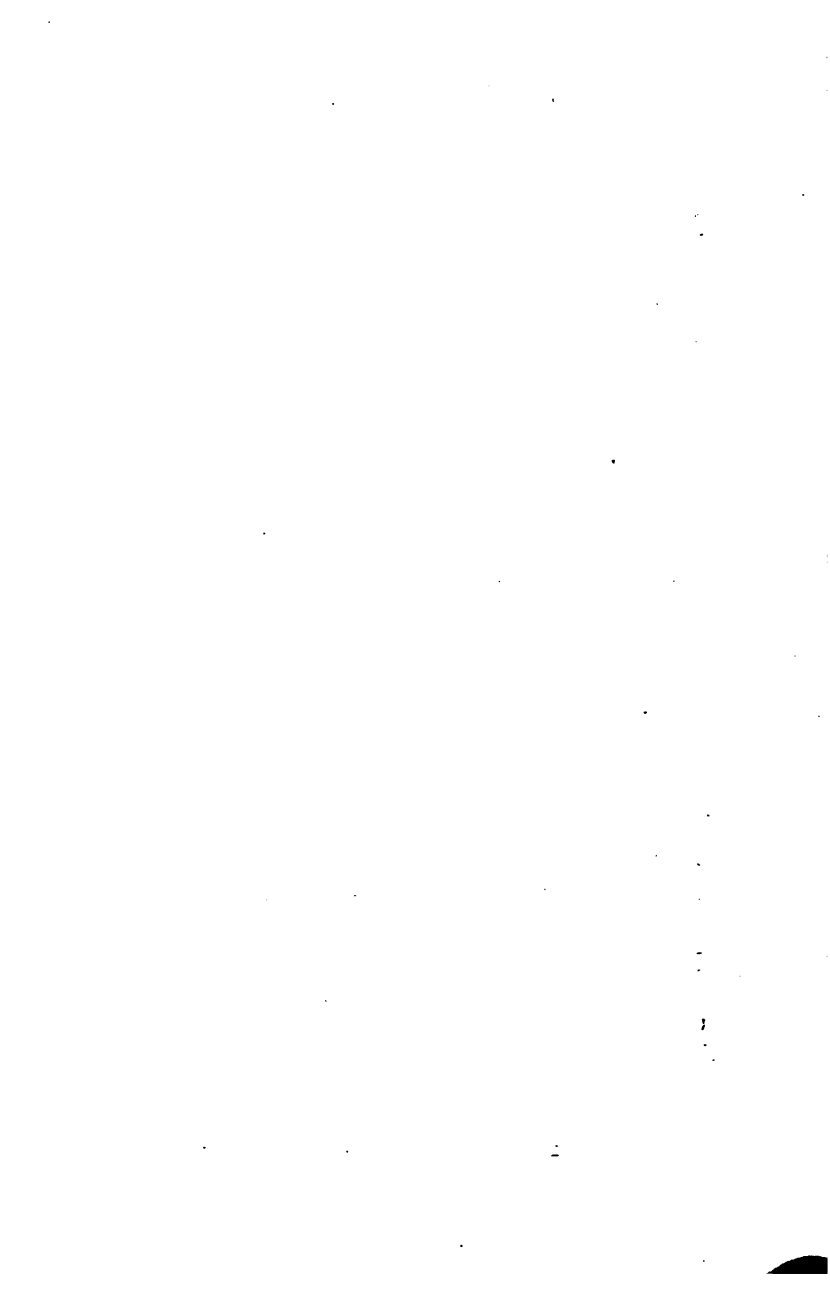


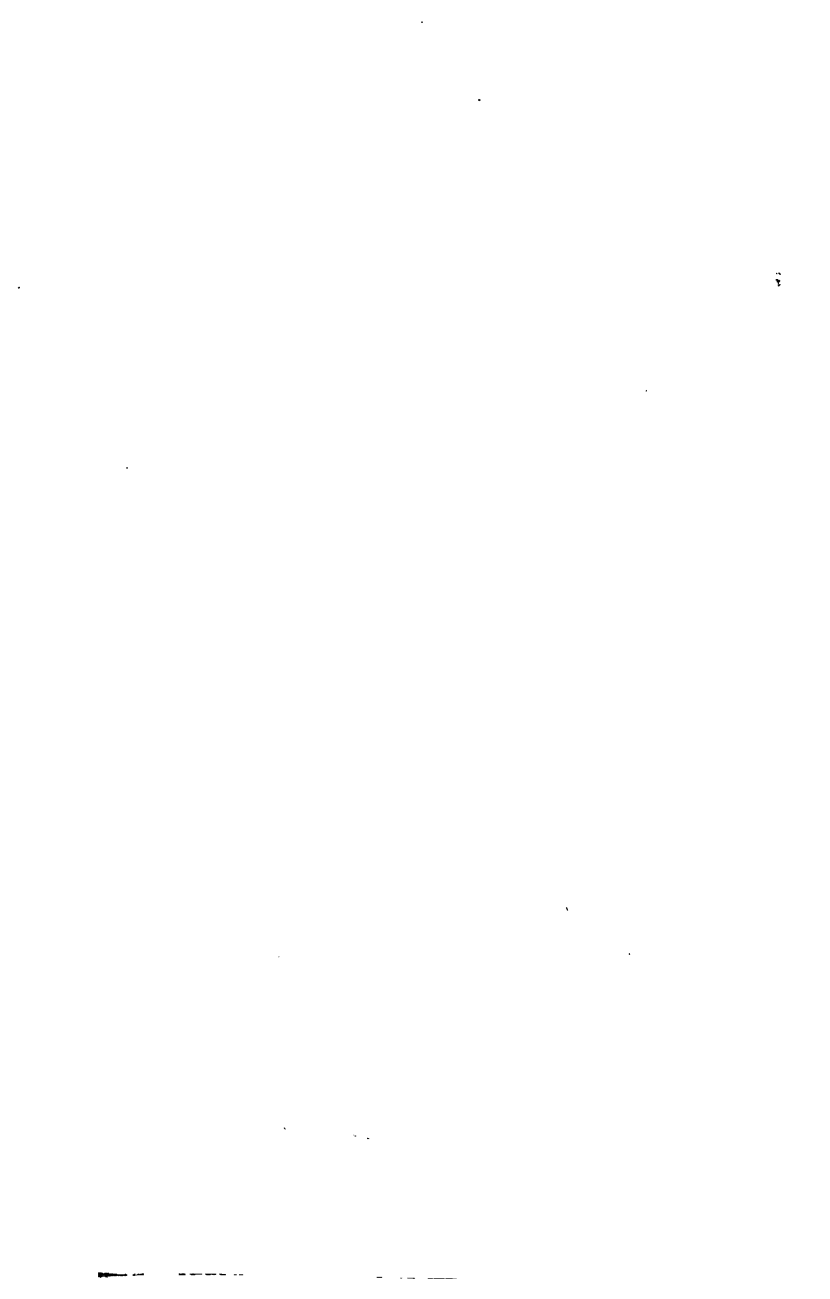














Hoover

